

The Sketch

No. 833.—Vol. LXV.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 1909.

SIXPENCE.

MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS AS LURCHER.

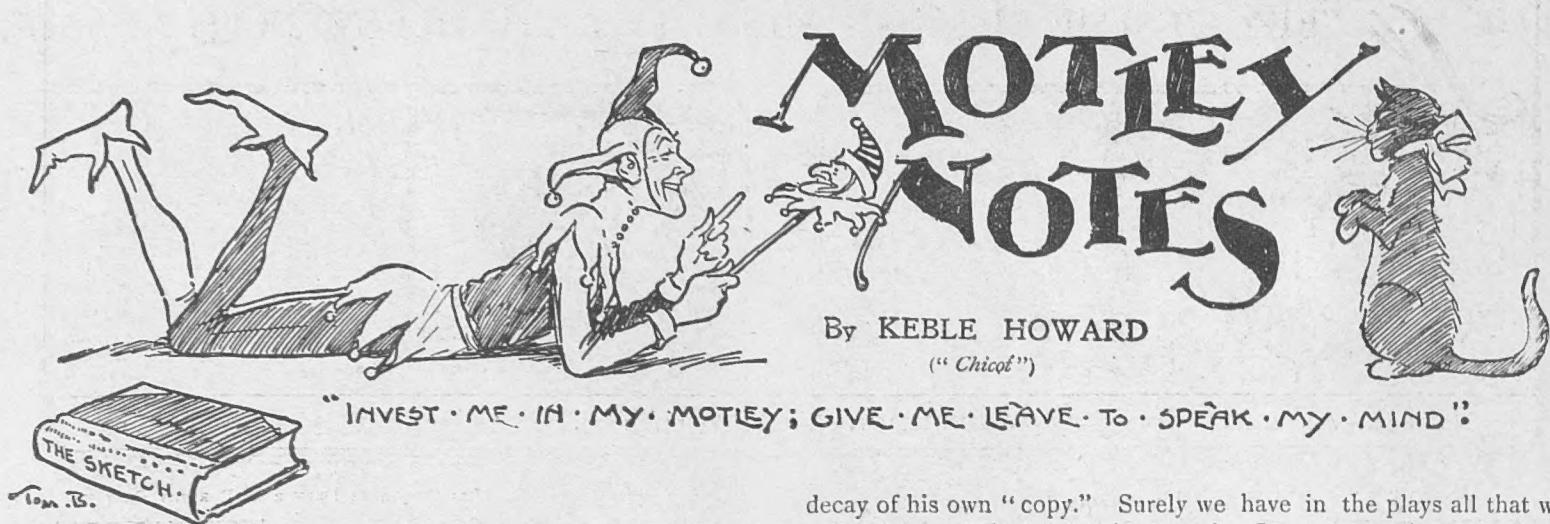
MISS CONSTANCE DREVER AS DOROTHY BANTAM.



A GOOD BOY, TOO! MISS LOUIE POUNDS AS LYDIA HAWTHORN IN "DOROTHY," AT THE WALDORF.

"Dorothy," which was put on at the New Theatre for a short run, has now been transferred to the Waldorf, where it promises to have a successful career.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



Stratford-on-Avon
Revisited.

I am very fond of Stratford-on-Avon. As a boy, let me admit, I sometimes wearied of the place. The little town of Henley-in-Arden, in which I was brought up, is only seven miles distant from Stratford-on-Avon, and one of the first remarks addressed to our visitors was this: "Of course you must see Stratford." Hereupon, challenging glances would be flashed from sister to sister and from brother to brother. Our visitors, even though they had observed these signals, would not have understood them; but we, the young branches of a large and somewhat impoverished family, understood them very well. They meant: "It's your turn this time." "No, it's not." "Yes, it is. I took the M—s, and G—." "Well, what about that? I took R—, and L—, and S—." We bowed to none, you must understand, in our reverence for the "immortal bard" and his inevitable birthplace, but we had learned that there are more exhilarating ways of passing an hour or two of a precious summer day than mooning up and down a cobbled pavement in front of a well-studied oak-beamed cottage. As you know, it costs sixpence to enter the Birthplace—even for the amateur guide. For reasons upon which I have already touched, we were accustomed to save that sixpence. Hence the challenging glances.

In Praise of
Tombstones.

As my visits to Stratford-on-Avon have grown rarer, however, I have discovered beauties in the little place that were hidden from the blasé young guide. I have discovered a quietude, a semi-sacred old-worldliness, very charming after the fret of London and the rather mechanical gaiety of professional pleasure-resorts. The churchyard, of course, is the ideal haven for the dreamer. You sit on the old stone wall, and let your eyes rest lazily on the smooth, wide reach of the Avon. The late inhabitants of Stratford, clustered so near to you, do not disturb you. Ghosts never walk in Stratford-on-Avon. Perhaps the race has never quite forgiven Shakespeare for the cruel satire in "Hamlet." At any rate, there lie the late inhabitants, each with his graven *dossier* over his head—a *dossier* the generosity of which need only be limited by the purse of the relation or friend who causes it to be set up. It is a kindly practice, this inscribing of more or less permanent compliments to the departed. They are the only compliments, I suppose, that are never withdrawn and never bring a blush of shame to the cheek of the receiver. Some day, perhaps, if I leave as much as twenty pounds behind me for the purpose, I, too, shall revel in a flattering "notice" carved out of the solid stone. I only pray that it may not be written by the critic of the —.

The Hint
Respectful.

Having written so much in sincere appreciation of Shakespeare's town, perhaps I may be allowed, by way of corrective, to give a small hint to those whose privilege it is to guard the relics of the poet, and speak in explanatory terms of them to visitors. Would it not be possible—and I put the question in all friendship and humility—to introduce a rather brighter note into such discourses? I may, of course, be merely exposing my own ignorance. It is possible that there is something ineffably sad in the fact that Sir Walter Scott scribbled his name on the window of the birth-chamber. Indeed, now I come to think of it, one thinks less of Sir Walter for having seized upon this obvious and vulgar form of advertisement. But for the life of me I cannot tell why one should mourn heavily because, for example, there are only three words extant in Shakespeare's own handwriting. So long as we have two or three million copies of his plays, admirably printed in nice clear type, and decently bound, I do not feel hopelessly lugubrious over the

decay of his own "copy." Surely we have in the plays all that we ask to know of his private character? Let me urge the worthy and learned curators to banish dull care, to make light of the matter, even to think out a little jest on the subject. . . . And so back to London and the whirl of modern thought.

"I Do Not Like
Thee, Dr. May."

"If no more books were published for twenty years," says Dr. Frederick May, "the world would not suffer." This is pretty hearing, Dr. May, for those who earn their little livings by writing books. You reply that they do not matter in comparison with the general weal. You are right, of course, and I must seek for another argument with which to confound you. The character of a people is never stable; however subtle the change, none the less it is always changing. The business of the writer—at any rate, the writer of fiction who has the smallest respect for his art—is to place on record the habits of mind and body of those who come under his observation and elicit his sympathy. In the last twenty years, even in the last ten or five years, a very great change has come over the character of the people of this country. Future generations, I fancy, will study the history of that change with the deepest interest, and they will study it in some of the very books that Dr. Frederick May and others regard with such scant respect. Is it not rather shallow to suggest that the practice of any art in any country in the world should be hampered for a single instant? How much more, then, must we condemn Dr. May and his glib friends, who would fetter for a long period of years the hands of the trained observers of contemporary manners.

Reform from the
Top.

Mr. Councillor Butterworth is another oratorical pessimist. Speaking at Manchester, it seems that Mr. Councillor Butterworth gave forth a hollow groan for the lack of beauty in the lives of the masses. "It is one of the tragedies of our modern civilisation," he said, "that there is such a deep chasm between the works of fine art, which are studied, and the actual life lived by the people in their homes and workshops." If I may say so without causing Mr. Councillor Butterworth a moment's pain, I would point out that you cannot make people live beautifully by pointing out to them that their lives, at present, are sordid. If Mr. Councillor Butterworth had to be out of bed at five o'clock on a winter's morning, and through the factory-gates by six, I am not at all sure that his countenance would remind the foreman of the works of Burne-Jones, or that his attitudes on taking off his boots in the evening would be modelled on his studies of the great masters in the Manchester Art Gallery. The scream of the hooter and the ting-ting of the halfpenny tram are not the finest possible education for grand opera. He would be an exceptional man who could preserve in his speech the delicacy of Touchstone while the rain was coming through the roof and the folks next door were hammering each other with shovels.

The Weekly
Fillip.

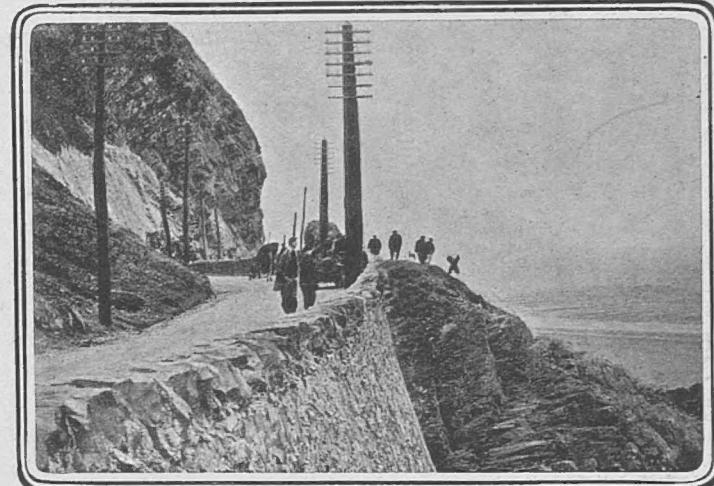
I am rejoiced to find a writer in the *Gentlewoman* unwittingly helping me to rebut the melancholy outpourings of Mr. Councillor Butterworth. "England," says this writer, "is still the land of splendid homes—especially of the middle class—where ordinary, clean-living, level-headed English men and women are rearing families of healthy boys and girls, and instilling into their minds good, honest principles of right and wrong." So far, so pleasant. But the next sentence is rather a blow. "The popular novelist," the writer continues, "does not find these people interesting." However, let us bear up. So long as one *does* find these people interesting, why worry about popularity?

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MISS: THE CHARLESWORTH AFFAIR.



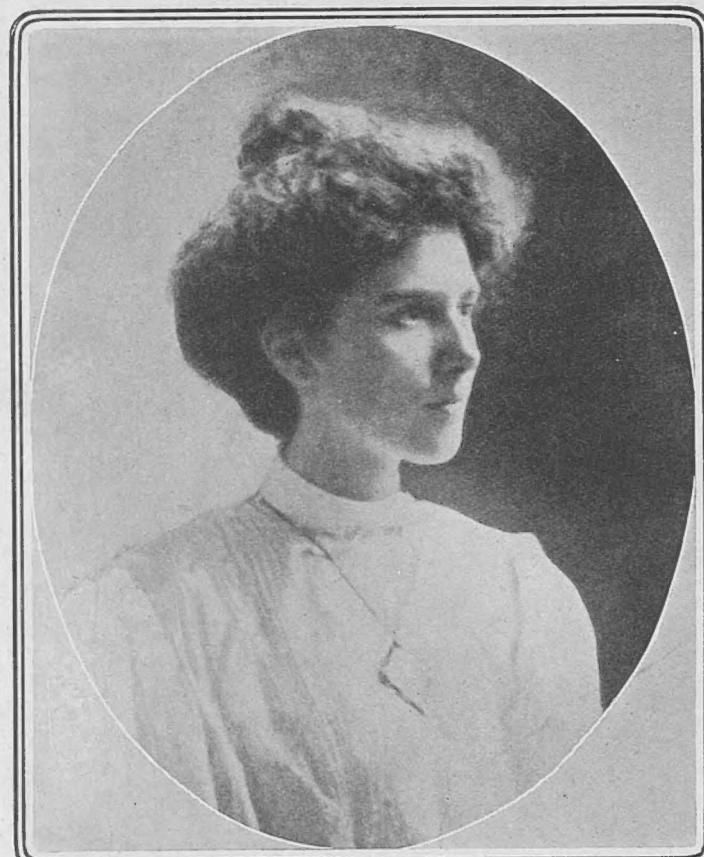
[Photo. Topical.]

THE SPOT AT WHICH THE CHARLESWORTH MOTOR-CAR IS SAID TO HAVE STRUCK THE WALL OVER WHICH, IT WAS STATED, MISS VIOLET GORDON CHARLESWORTH WAS THROWN, TO FALL INTO THE SEA BELOW.

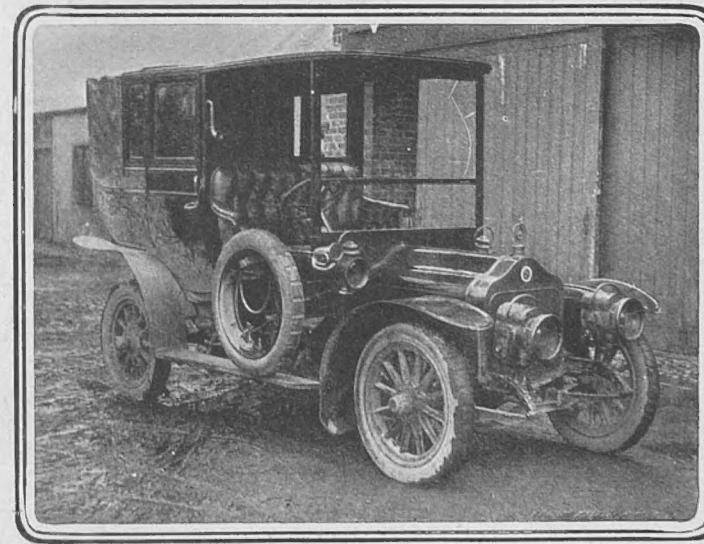


[Photo. Topical.]

THE SLOPE DOWN WHICH, ACCORDING TO THE CHAUFFEUR'S FIRST STATEMENT, MISS CHARLESWORTH FELL AFTER BEING THROWN THROUGH THE WIND-SCREEN OF THE CAR.



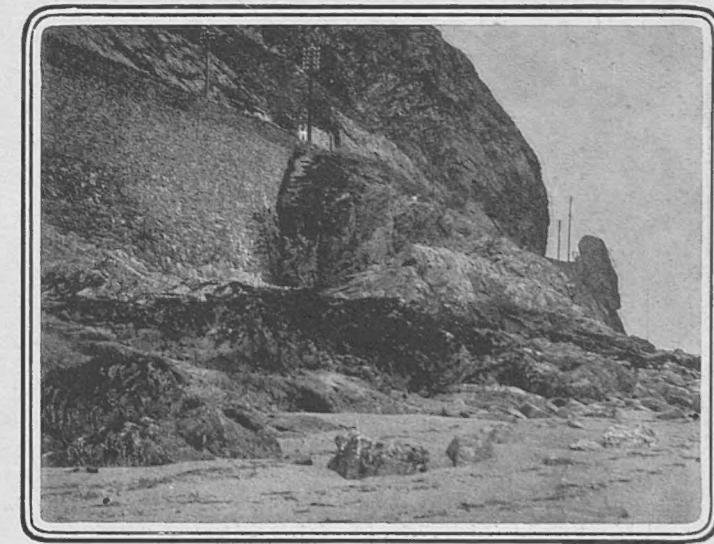
MISS VIOLET GORDON CHARLESWORTH, THE MISSING MOTORIST.

[Photo. Weiss and Fowke.]
MISS VIOLET CHARLESWORTH IN SCOTTISH DRESS.

[Photo. Illustrations Bureau.]

THE CHARLESWORTH MOTOR-CAR, SHOWING THE BROKEN GLASS WIND-SCREEN, THROUGH WHICH MISS CHARLESWORTH WAS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THROWN.

It will be remembered that, at the beginning of last week, Miss Violet Gordon Charlesworth, her sister, and her chauffeur were reported to have met with a serious motor accident at Penmaenbach Point, twenty miles from St. Asaph, and that it was said that Miss Violet Charlesworth had been hurled through the wind-screen of the car, over a wall, and down the cliff-side into the sea. In a very short time doubts began to be expressed as to the truth of the story, and it was alleged that not only was the missing lady (whose body was said to have drifted out to sea) alive and well, but that the accident and the story of death were invented that she might be able to circumvent many pressing creditors. At the moment of writing, nothing has been heard of her.



THE ROAD THAT WAS THE SCENE OF THE AFFAIR, THE CLIFFS AND THE SEA-SHORE, ILLUSTRATING HOW DIFFICULT IT WOULD BE FOR ANYONE TO FALL INTO THE SEA FROM THE ROAD.

THE DISAPPEARING VALLI: KENNINGTON'S ELUSIVE "BOY."

Miss Lulu Valli.

Miss Lulu Valli.



1. MISS LULU VALLI, PRINCIPAL BOY IN THE KENNINGTON THEATRE PANTOMIME, IN THE GUISE IN WHICH SHE WAS "DISCOVERED."

2. MISS LULU VALLI AS A SCHOOLGIRL WITH HER HAIR DOWN HER BACK — A SUCCESSFUL DISGUISE.

3. MISS LULU VALLI AS BOY BLUE IN THE PANTOMIME.

4. MISS LULU VALLI AS A COSTER GIRL — A SUCCESSFUL DISGUISE.

5. MISS LULU VALLI AS A SAILOR — A SUCCESSFUL DISGUISE.

Miss Lulu Valli, the Boy Blue of Kennington's pantomime, caused quite a stir by the mysterious way in which she entered and left the theatre. Nobody could discover how this was done, and the management offered a prize of £5 and a season ticket for the theatre to anyone who discovered her entering or leaving. Miss Valli adopted various disguises to elude the amateur detectives, and for some days was successful. She was discovered last Friday. She adopted much the same tactics on one occasion in New York. In that case she used to enter the theatre by means of a short tunnel leading from excavations that were being made in the road.

Photograph No. 1 by Advance Agency; Nos. 2, 4, and 5 by Topical Agency; No. 3 by Park; Insets by Bassano

HIS MINIATURESHIP THE LORD MAYOR.

THE LORD MAYOR.



A GUEST AS HIS HOST: SIR GEORGE WYATT TRUSCOTT'S TINY "DOUBLE" AT THE MANSION HOUSE
JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL.

At last Friday's fancy-dress ball at the Mansion House the Lord Mayor received amongst his guests a miniature representation of himself—Master Geoffrey Lewin—whose make-up was one of the successes of the evening.

Photograph of Master G. Lewin by Lafayette; of the Lord Mayor by Weston.

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The Girl from Gatford. Olivia Ramsey. 6s.Lady Letty Brandon. Annie E. Holdsworth. 6s.
Fatality. G. G. Chatterton. 6s.
Harry of Athol. R. H. Forster. 6s.

The Case of Sir Geoffrey. Florence Warden. 6s.

A Soul's Awakening. W. Teignmouth Shore. 6s.

The Testament of Judas. Henry Byatt. 6s.

Idols of Flesh. Paul Creswick. 6s.

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Investor's Blue-Book, 1909. Edited by George J. Holmes. 3s 6d. net.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE famous old Highland town of Inverness was en fête yesterday in honour of the marriage of Miss Gladys Frances Fraser-Mackenzie, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser-Mackenzie, of Bunchren House, Inverness-shire, and the Hon. David Evan Mackintosh, second son of Lord Kylachy, the Scottish Lord of Session, who takes his title from the beautiful estate he owns near Tomatin. The bride, who is charmingly pretty, has been a belle of the Highland Gatherings, and both she and Mr. Mackintosh are much liked in the Highlands. The marriage was celebrated in the historic St. Andrew's Cathedral.

Lord Grimston, who in his generation represents the great Francis Bacon, had lately a nasty accident at St. Albans, for his trap came into collision with a mud-cart, and as a result the wheels collapsed. By a curious coincidence the hospital to which he was taken was that where his sister, Lady Sybil Grimston, is engaged as a nurse. Lord Verulam and his family are all clever, remarkable people, the Earl himself being said to have more knowledge of London and its byways than any other peer living. Lord Grimston is an only son; he has, however, six lovely sisters, who inherit beauty from their beautiful mother, who was a Graham of Netherby.

Scotland and Ireland were equally concerned with a marriage which took place last week at St. James's Place United Free Church, Edinburgh, for the bride was Miss Elsie Shaw, eldest daughter of the Scottish Lord Advocate, and the bridegroom Dr. I de Courcy Wheeler, of Dublin. The bridegroom's country was recalled by the beautiful Carrickmacross lace with which Miss Shaw's charming wedding gown was trimmed, and in her hair she wore a spray of shamrock and white heather, while the same national emblems composed the wreaths of her bridesmaids.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

• BRUMMELL • IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

THERE'S pretty nearly been a disaster. Dear old Bee, of whom I generally write, I find, has pretty nearly been wrecked. Hang on. Simmer down. I said pretty nearly. I've been through, since I last provided a hungry world with a small pot of caviare, the very dickens of a time. B'Jove and b'George! All my best emotions, all my really sound Sir Roger de Coverley feelings have been stirred, and I had one quite sleepless night. To me a sleepless night is as bad as a severe loss of money to an ordinary joker. What? It was all brought about by what I took to be kindness. I may have told you in my intimate, frank way that I dictate these things to my man. If not, bear it in mind, please. Y'see—this you know, of course—havin' been educated in the best English manner at the mixed-pickle factory on the banks of the Thames, I was brought up on Greek and Euclid, cricket and soccer, but wasn't bothered about spellin'—the best English education bein', of course, all on the side of the decorative, regardin' the useful as low. That bein' so—as the Cabinet Minister says to the deputations who wait upon him from time to time, in the same sort of way as young boys pitch stones into water—I walk up and down my sittin'-room, clothed in a literary gent, and just talk. My man wags the pen, sees to the spellin' in his own marvellous common way, performs the necessary feats of punctuation like an absolute pro, and there you are, d'y'see.

Result, epoch-makin', for—I don't wish to shoot an elbow or use the megaphone, I am merely statin' very pleasant facts—I am translated into all the known languages weekly, includin' Kaffir and New York. Very well then. Hot from carol-singin' and goodwill to all, it occurred to me one day last week that I would go out of my way and do a kindly act, thereby provin' that even a philosopher makes his mistakes. It seemed to me that I was playin' it up a bit high in puttin' my jewel to the awful fag and brain-wear of sittin' tight and takin' me down on paper. That's what it seemed to me, d'y'see. So, without sayin' a blessed word to him, I sallied out one slushy mornin', ran the gauntlet of the mud fusillade that is carried on in our main streets, made my way to Hatchard's, the only place I know, and asked 'em to be good enough to advise me how to get a young person who could write shorthand without the final "g."

Up to that point—bar several blobs of mud on my collar—I was fit and undamaged and hopeful, and pappy with the milk of human kindness. The celebrated critic who attended me in the Piccadilly emporium of literature hid his astonishment with the utmost cleverness, chatted genially about politics and the Kaiser and other ordinary things, and then brainily brought forth a copy of a dull but clean-lookin' literary journal with a title that means a lot and conveys nothin', found an advertisement on the front page, cut it out, and handed it to me with Elizabethan grace. We shook hands

respectfully, said a few unkind words about Negretti and Zambra—who really ought to be dashed ashamed of themselves—fancy givin' us snow—us!—it's a farce—and parted. He returned to his books and I went back to the mud. I then captured a taxi, which, likin' the look of me, consented to run me to the address set forth on the advertisement. The place was called, and, it turned out, wittily called, "Southampton Row." I was excited. I felt like the man who was goin' to gaze upon the sea for the first time. I not only never had heard of the place, but didn't know whether I might not be absent a week on the tour. What do we know of London who only Mayfair know?—or words to that effect. To my intense amazement and disappointment—I was strung up for adventure, in a regular shield and double-handled sword mood—we swished up one street, down another, skidded round into a third, missed certain death with magnificent éclat,

passed between rows of really handsome buildings, and pulled up with one of those patent taxi jerks that cause one-and-eight-pence to become three-and-six. What! Well, then—steady, steady—I went into an office in which there was a noise that might have been made by a hundred quick-tickin' clocks on the loose. I never had heard such a bad noise. For a moment I made certain that a party of Territorials, under an ex-Militia Colonel, had got hold of a battery of Gatlin' guns.

PRECAUTIONARY MEASURES.

THE INSTRUCTOR: Now, what would you have done if your opponent had fainted at this stage?
THE IRISH RECRUIT: Bedad, Sor, I'd have tickled him with me point to see if he were shamming!

I was faced by a—well, a woman with two challengin' eyes under a bird's nest. "Um?" she said. I replied, as steadily as I could, that I wanted somethin' as near a girl as she had to take down high thoughts once a week, and havin' taken them down, to write 'em out, which, I understand, is, paradoxically speakin', the whole art of shorthand.

She—I suppose she was a she—laughed. I swear she did. However, everything came out all right. I inspected the young person who would undertake the work—not beautiful, but with a very strikin' kind of ugliness—and left my name and address. Whereupon, the excitement was intense. I was almost mobbed. I felt like the King at Marienbad. Well, I got home, I asked my man to be kind enough to stand forward, and I told him of my thoughtfulness. Oh, my Lord, the shock! *He gave me a month's notice on the spot.* I don't know how it was that I didn't faint. I think it was whisky. I got such a wiggin' as I hadn't had since I rose triumphant out of a tender boyhood, with recollections of a particularly hefty birch. He refused to accept my apologies and left the house in umbrage. I was lost. I mooned about like a derelict. I went clean and abruptly off my feed. I sent telegrams to myself, full of words of hope, and opened them feverishly. I walked for miles, round and round the table. I nearly wrote a poem. And then I tried to sleep. With my early tea came my man, sternly. He had decided to give me another chance—havin' scratched the girl. And so poor dear old Bee will still go on and be continued in our next, d'y'see. What?



THE CLUBMAN

REBUILDING MESSINA—THE TITAGHUR RIOTS.

MESSINA will be rebuilt, whatever may be said and written now, while the horror of the catastrophe is still upon Italy and all Europe. There are certain places which are inevitably sites for towns, and Messina is one of these. If Dover were to be shaken to its founda-

tions and all its houses destroyed, another town would spring up where the present Dover stands, and it will be so with Messina. It is, by its position, the great railway junction of Sicily, where the trains ferried over from Italy meet the trains which come from Taormina, Syracuse, and Palermo. No other position on the straits would suit as well, and nowhere else is there the same magnificent natural harbour as there is at Messina. For a while it will lie deserted, buried in quicklime, and the tourist will pass it by, going by sea to Syracuse and Palermo; but the time will certainly come when the ruins of the old town and all they hide will be cleared away, and a new town—earthquake-proof, maybe—will be built on the site.

Sicily is really still in the Middle Ages. It has its brigands, for instance, in parts of the south of the island. The Sicilians are superstitious to an extent we Northerners can scarcely credit, and so long as the sacred letter remained in the altar of the cathedral induced the landlords to pull down their thin-walled, towering houses and substitute bungalows for them. In San Francisco the steel construction of some of the big buildings withstood all the earthquake shocks, and the city is being rebuilt with bones of steel; but Messina is more likely to look to Japan and the Philippines for a model when her houses rise again from the ground. The picturesque, one-storeyed wooden houses of Japan, with their walls of paper and their light wooden roofs, were built thus in order that a man's residence might come about his ears without breaking his head. The temples and the great fortresses of old days in Japan had a construction of interlocked beams, which could resist any earthquake. In the Philippines all the arches of doorways

and windows are made of great strength, and newcomers to that land of earth-tremors are always told that when an earthquake occurs they should, if they cannot get out into the open, stand under an arch.

Messina will rise again, but it will be a Messina only one storey high, and with an abundance of squares.

Titaghur, where the Hindus and the Mohammedans have been fighting in India, is one of the big towns of mills and slums which lie along the banks of the Hugli. Like its neighbour, Barrackpur, it used to be a suburb of Calcutta, where the merchants had their country-houses, in which they spent as much time as possible during the hot weather. Barrackpur has retained some of its former splendour, for there is a great house there which is one of the Viceregal palaces, and to which during the Calcutta season, which is just as wearying as a London one, the Viceroy and his family escape to spend quiet "week-ends."

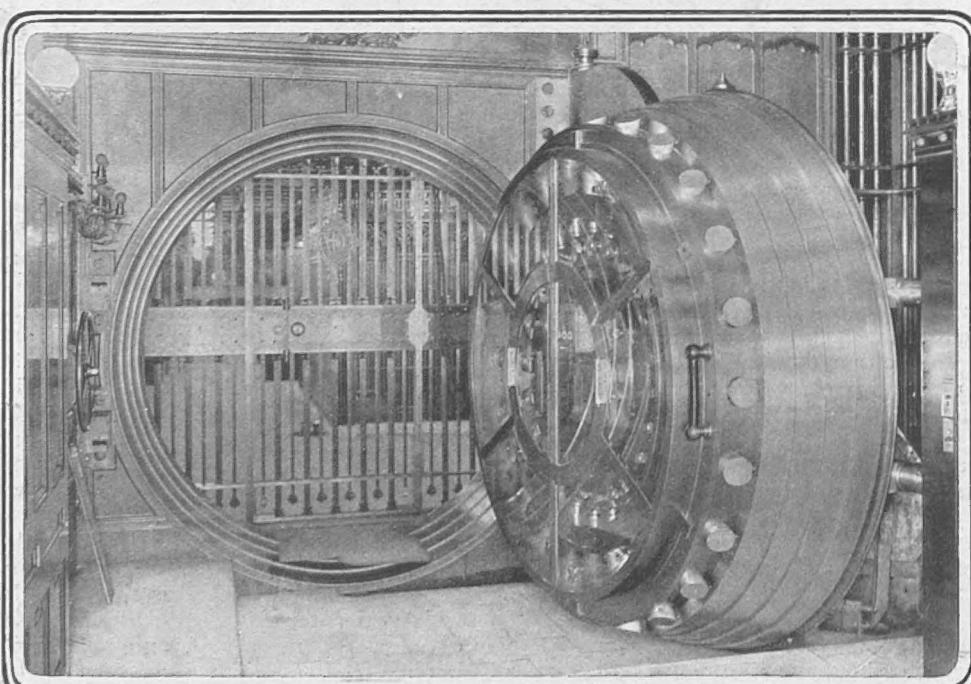
Most of the lordly bungalows in the old riverside towns are The Calcutta merchants put up great mills by the river, and had they not drawn in the young men from the surrounding country to be mill-hands. These young Hindus lead a bachelor life while they are in the towns, and they are inclined to be noisy and turbulent. All India over there is always a religious quarrel brewing between Hindus and Mohammedans. A cry is raised by the Hindus that the Mohammedans are killing cows as sacrifices at one of their festivals, and at once a Hindu mob swarms into the alleys, shouting "Kill! Kill!" As a retaliation for the imagined insults, the Hindus throw a dead pig into a mosque, and forthwith the Mohammedans, shouting the cry of the border fanatics—"Din! Din!" catch up any weapon which may come to hand and rush at any group of Hindus they may see.



A BANK FOR LADIES ONLY: THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT OF THE NIGHT AND DAY BANK.

A very popular feature of the Night and Day Bank of New York, the only banking institution in the world that opens its doors all day and all-night, is the Women's Department. This is a special portion of the bank that has been set apart for the exclusive use of lady depositors. Mere man is strictly tabooed in this portion of the premises. It has a separate entrance, and, in addition to a reading and writing room, there are six dressing-rooms for the use of customers. It is open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., the hours ordinarily sufficient to meet the needs of household accounts. But should a lady customer wish to deposit or withdraw any money after the hours of "Milady's Bink," as her special department of the institution is termed, she may do so in the ordinary or main bank.—[Photograph by Byron.]

deserted and stand in the midst of hovels. And bankers no longer live in the big, cool houses with vast gardens and groves about them. Thus Titaghur and its neighbouring towns would have been utterly derelict had not the manufacturers put up great



THE STRONGEST DOOR EVER BUILT: THE ENTRANCE TO THE CARNEGIE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS.

The door is that of the Carnegie Safe Deposit, recently completed in New York. Over 1400 tons of steel armour-plate were used in the construction of the vaults—a larger quantity than is used in the building of a battleship. There are two doors to the vaults, each weighing twenty-five tons. Twenty tons of this weight are in one solid mass of material, 7½ feet in diameter, while the remaining five tons are accounted for in the bolt-work and mechanism operating the lock. There are twenty-four bolts in each one of these doors, each weighing 100 lb. An electric motor hung on the inside of the door gives the power to the gear which operates these bolts. There are four time-locks to the door.

The vaults cost £100,000 to build, and took two years to erect.—[Photograph by Byron.]

A BOY AMONG "BOYS": GEORGE ROBEY AND THE MISSES.



1. MISS CARRIE MOORE AS RUDOLPH, PRINCE OF SYLVANIA,
IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE ADELPHI.

2. MISS LILY MORRIS AS HUMPTY IN "HUMPTY DUMPTY,"
AT THE ROYAL COURT, LIVERPOOL.

3. MR. GEORGE ROBEY AS BILLY BUTTONS IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE ROYAL, GLASGOW.

4. MISS SYBIL ARUNDALE AS DICK IN "DICK WHITTINGTON,"
AT THE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

5. MISS RITA EVERARD AS PRINCE OPULENT IN "BOY BLUE,"
AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S, BIRMINGHAM.



MISS LUCY ROUND, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR C. E. HIGGINBOTHAM.

Miss Round is a daughter of the Right Hon. James Round, P.C., of Birch Hall, near Colchester.

Photograph by Langfier.

foreign regiment: "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" So she has sent out her fiery cross, and London is bidden give the best of her sons to the Territorials at the royal Duchess's call. London may be lethargic, but it is never unpatriotic, never ungallant. The Princess's appeal for volunteers for Mr. Haldane's new Army will, it may be expected, evoke a general response. And where London leads, the provinces will follow. All our Society leaders who have influence in the country are to follow the example of her Royal Highness and summon the lads of brawn and brain to the colours, not for war, but for ability to prevent it. It is fitting that a royal Princess should summon her young fellow-citizens to the flag just now, when Rome has been canonising a girl "royal-born by right divine" in the greatest of all warrior-women, Joan of Arc. Granted success in her enterprise, the Princess will live to witness her own—lay—canonisation.

The Superfluous Quill. Mrs. Harborough-Sherard (Irene Osgood) *Morning Post's* her flittings between Quilsborough Hall, Northampton, and the Ritz, and now gives a novel turn to fashionable movements by the announcement

IF Queen Victoria was proud of her citizen soldiers, her daughter, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll shows no less interest in them. She knows that we are all soldiers of the King, if need arise, but what she desires is that we should be ready soldiers—that we need not, through craven fear or unpreparedness, have to inscribe upon our Volunteer colours

the prayer of a certain

Castle's engagement to Lord Camden (already, of course, a married man) has been followed by another which speaks of Lord Campden's fabulous wealth—and fabled it certainly must be called. He is, in fact, as poor as the eldest son of a comparatively poor peer like Lord Gainsborough expects to be; and probably no member of his family in recent years has

been as well off as the bride's grandfather.

father, Mr. Castle, the proprietor of a Liverpool newspaper. Lord Camden, on the other hand, is richer than most men of his rank, for his father died when he was a few weeks old, and during his long minority-ownership of his property his trustees put aside for him an enormous fortune. Lord Camden's friends will be obliged to speak of him more pompously than they like, as Marquis Camden, if the present all-but-unavoidable confusion is found to bring awkward results.

The Three Vacant Chairs. The Hon. Joseph Scott, of Abbots-

ford, with several sons and daughters, and the Hon. Marcia and Hon. Teresa Maxwell, the uncle, aunts, and cousins of the Duchess of Norfolk, have been proving the pleasures of Arundel, freed from the recent anxieties caused by the childish illness of the heir of all the Howards. In spite of the mourning for Lord Herries, the meeting was an auspicious one, and the Norfolk board comparatively gay. Quite otherwise was it when a sinister occurrence befell it in 1850. It is recorded in a diary of that year that the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Robert Peel, and the Lord Cantelupe of that time had all been bidden to a dinner at Norfolk



WOMAN AS RECRUITING SERGEANT FOR THE TERRITORIALS: H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

Her Royal Highness will not herself take part in the recruiting movement, but is doing all she can to further the idea that the women of England should assist the authorities in obtaining recruits for the Territorials.

Photograph by Mendelsohn.

that she is going abroad, and during her absence will write another story. I hope that other ladies will not follow her example and work while holiday-making. Let Lady Troubridge and Lady Helen Forbes, their Graces of Leeds and of Sutherland, Lady Napier of Magdala, and Lady Henry Somerset come and go without a literary label on their luggage, and "rest-cure" in peace! By the way, Irene Osgood has one huge feather in her travelling-cap—she is married to the great-grandson of Wordsworth.

Mind Your "p" in Lord "ps"! The silent Campden's name is responsible for various confusions between himself and Lord Camden. The newspaper that began by announcing Miss Egerton

House on Jan. 8. The dinner was never eaten, all three guests having failed their host and hostess, for the very good reason that death had overtaken them between the sending out of the invitations and the appointed dinner-hour.

A Baronet's Nursery Lore. Sir Henry Tichborne have gone to India together, and they will not return to their Hampshire home until April or May. They say that Sir Henry's mouth waters in sight of the summary trials now possible in the Dependency, for he remembers, when he was a little boy, the monstrous length of the litigation which, while it preserved the family estate, depleted the family coffers.



MRS. JULIUS JACKSON (FORMERLY MISS NESTA BARCLAY), WHOSE MARRIAGE

TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

One of this week's prettiest weddings took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, yesterday (12th), when Mr. Julius Jackson, 60th Rifles, second son of Sir Thomas and Lady Jackson, of Stansted House, Essex, was married to Miss Nesta Katherine Barclay, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hedworth Barclay, of The Hermitage, Ascot.

Photograph by Ketwrah Collings.

THE DAUGHTER OF PRINCE DIMITRI DOLGOROKI: LADY PASTON COOPER.

Sir Charles Paston-Cooper (whose beautiful songs are so popular wherever the English language is sung and spoken, as well as, indeed, to an even wider audience, for his "Ave Maria" is well known on the Continent), is one of the few distinguished Englishmen who have gone to Russia for a wife, Lady Paston Cooper being the daughter of Prince Dimitri Dolgorouki.

Photograph by Otto.



THE FIGHT AGAINST ACTRESSES' MARRIED ADMIRERS:
THE MODERN AMERICAN CHORUS-GIRL.



EVIDENTLY REGARDED AS DANGEROUS: A LADY OF THE CHORUS REGISTERING HER ARRIVAL
AT THE THEATRE.

A report comes from America that a Bill for the Suppression of Stage-Door Callers has been brought before the New York State Legislature. It is proposed that any man who wishes to send a note to an actress must inform the theatrical management by whom the lady is engaged that he wishes to send such a note, must sign his name in a register, and state whether he is married or single. If he be married, it is suggested that the note, addressed to the actress shall be sent to the man's wife. It is provided, further, that if an incorrect name or address be given, the man can be fined or imprisoned. In view of this, it is interesting to note that at such big concerns as the New York Hippodrome every chorus-girl, every stage hand, and, indeed, all principals must register their arrival and their departure, as employés in shops and factories are required to do.—[Photograph by Paul Thompson.]



THE HON. MRS. DAVID MACKINTOSH (FORMERLY MISS GLADYS FRANCES FRASER-MACKENZIE), Whose Marriage took place Yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Downey.

evening prayers, he set to work to advise as to its education, and to find husbands for its sisters while they were still in the cradle. And these are his admonitions as to the child's punishments: "Either to threaten or whip him for falling down, or for not standing still to have his hair combed and his face washed, is a most absurd severity. Reserve chiding and whippings for his first deliberate act of obstinacy, falsehood, or ill-nature, and then do it to the purpose." Sir Walter Chaytor knows, of course, that his charming bride had an even tenderer god-parent in Queen Alexandra, and one hardly less concerned in the matter of matrimony.

Arms and the Man. and Lady Iveagh to meet the King was his old friend Georgina Countess of Dudley, who is "old"

Queen Alexandra, and one hardly less concerned in the matter of matrimony.

Among the guests of Lord Man. and Lady Iveagh to meet the King was his old friend Georgina Countess of Dudley, who is "old"

they have been condoling with

Lord Grimston's trap came into collision with a mud-cart, its wheels came off, and Lord Grimston was taken to hospital.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.

military German will go on to tell you, is not the soul of the Kaiser's wit. Let it be remembered that regimental dinners in Germany are very long, like the drinks, and German military uniforms are tight. Under these conditions, the enforced appreciation of imperial humour is one of the gravest fatigues of peace. The Kaiser is bent on amusing his officers, and as he prides himself on the art of the raconteur, his after-dinner stories are endless. He has messaged several times with the same regiment of late, and it finds that forced smiles are more trying than forced marches.

"*Lord Done-with-Hunting.*"

and Countess Torby during the past year. They have been seen everywhere since they were conspicuously present at the Stafford House ball, given in honour of the King and Queen; and, just after, at the Countess of Londesborough's somewhat similar function. Lately

they have been condoling with Lord Huntingdon—Done-with-Hunting, as he now calls himself—on the accident which befell him while riding to hounds, and at the same time applauding his daughters as hearth-and-home actresses. Then, from Keele Hall they have come to Claridge's, whence



MRS. ALGERNON BERKELEY PAGET (FORMERLY MISS LILY HENNIKER HEATON), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Berkeley Paget is the elder daughter of that well-known pioneer of postal reform, Mr. John Henniker Heaton.—[Photograph by Keturah Collings.]

only in her friendships. Perhaps she presents the most remarkable instance, save one, in England of the continuance in mature age of the beauty that carried everything before it three or four decades ago, and now captivates and conquers Time himself. Once when Lord Beaconsfield took Lady Dudley down to dinner, and her beautiful arms flashed before him, he very characteristically murmured "Canova!" And the flattering, but not too flattering, phrase was recalled at Elveden the other day.

The Wit of Brevity. Are not the words of William after all most wise and profitable when confined by the unliberal margins of the telegraph-form? His exchange of wires with Mr. Pierpont Morgan does him nothing but credit, displaying his readiness and kindness; and, sighs the German military man, his telegrams are so concise. Brevity, the

CROWNS-COPONETS-COURTIERS



THE HON. DAVID EVAN MACKINTOSH, SECOND SON OF LORD KYLLACHY,

Whose Marriage to Miss Fraser-Mackenzie took place Yesterday (Tuesday).

Photograph by Downey.



VICTIM OF AN UNFORTUNATE TRAP ACCIDENT: LORD GRIMSTON.

Lord Grimston's trap came into collision with a mud-cart, its wheels came off, and Lord Grimston was taken to hospital.

Photograph by Hills and Saunders.



Prince Edward.

Princess Mary.



HEIRS TO ALL THE AGES: THE CHILDREN OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES—THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Photograph by Downey.

MRS. I. DE COURCY WHEELER (FORMERLY MISS ELSIE SHAW), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK. Miss Shaw is the eldest daughter of the Scottish Lord Advocate.

Photograph by Lefebvre.

they proceed to Cannes—and rest. So may it be; but they will, as they know in their hearts, be immersed in festivities.

Name of Hyde-Parker. There are names which belong both to burlesque

as well as to the Blue Book. We think it was Sir Francis Burnand who once put a Hyde-Parker on the boards, perhaps ratherto the chagrin of the Baronet of the name. The Hyde Parkers of to-day descend, of course, from the famous Admiral of the Blue, and their family connection with the Navy is recalled by the present of a plank of the *Victory* to the new church being built at Merton—the Merton of Nelson and Emma. The fame of the name of Hyde-Parker ought, one thinks, to have ousted the local allusion that drew a smile from the Cockney in the pit. But no. A Hyde-Parker may be a most awesomely decorous gentleman in Suffolk, but, outside his own club, he will always provoke a smile in Piccadilly.

PEER'S DAUGHTERS AS PLAY-ACTRESSES: LORD HUNTINGDON'S
THREE DAUGHTERS IN "FOR KING OR PARLIAMENT."



1. LADY MARIAN EILEENE MABEL HASTINGS AS PATIENCE,
A PURITAN MAIDEN.

2. MASTER RANDOLPH WILSON, SON OF LADY SARAH WILSON,
AS EDWARD HAREWOOD, A ROUNDHEAD.

3. LADY NORAH FRANCES HASTINGS AS
KING CHARLES II.

4. LADY MAUD KATHLEEN CAIRNES PLANTAGENET HASTINGS, AUTHOR
OF THE PLAY, AS JOCELYN HEARTY, A YOUNG CAVALIER.

"For King or Parliament," an historical romance in three acts, by Lady Kathleen Hastings, eldest daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, was produced at the family seat, Grendon Hall, Atherstone, a few days ago. Lady Kathleen herself played the young Cavalier hero, and two of her sisters were in the cast. Lady Kathleen, the author, is fifteen; Lady Norah, fourteen; and Lady Marian, thirteen.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

THE DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS CLUB—"HENRY OF NAVARRE"—REVIVALS OF "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSLA" AND "MRS. GORRINGE'S NECKLACE."

FROM "Isaac's Wife," the first production by the Dramatic Productions Club at the Royal Court Theatre, it was natural to assume that the ideals of the Club were lofty and its aims were high; but some doubt was thrown upon the loftiness of these ideals and aims when "The General's Past," a little farce of no particular quality, by Miss Clothilde Graves, appeared. Mr. Michael Sherbrooke played very cleverly—as, indeed, he always does—a decrepit old Major-General, who caught two of his neighbours dining together in a Soho restaurant, missed a chance of spreading a scandal owing to the fact that he had broken his spectacles and could not see anybody, and gave away certain important particulars of his own past. But the humours

were elementary; and there was more suggestion of ideals in "The Test," the main item of the programme. The suggestion arose, however, merely from the fact that the author, Mr. T. W. Eastwood, had determined to discuss one of the subjects which may be called "advanced"—namely, the possibility of the application to real life of the doctrines of "free love." Grace was (on principle) living with an artist, and everybody thought them married. But though she had principles, the artist had none; and he fell violently in love with a bright young girl of nineteen, and

their quantity or their variety. There is a sort of "Taming of the Shrew" wooing, and two temporary estrangements, and I know not how many attempted murders by the irrepressible Catherine de' Medici, winding up with a general clash of arms representing one incident in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and all this to an accompaniment of magic and mystery and fine rhetorical dialogue entirely suitable to the occasion. It is hardly necessary to say that Miss Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry revel in it all. It is of a special type of its own, this kind of melodrama which they affect, and not to be judged by any ordinary standards. At any rate, this may be said: that "Henry of Navarre" seemed an improvement upon such things as "Dorothy of the Hall" or "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; and, if we are to have nonsense, this is as entertaining a type of nonsense as can be hoped for. But the extraordinary thing about it is the lack of ingenuity in getting people into and out of difficulties: the daring with which the most antiquated and threadbare tricks are used over and over again is a thing to inspire wonder. However, there it is; and, from all the signs, the popularity of it is simply immense.



"RUMAH WAYANG": A MALAY THEATRE.

Since the growth of British influence in the native states of the Malay Peninsula has been appreciable, the old buildings of wood and palm-leaves have been gradually giving place to brick erections set up by Chinese builders. The Malay words, "Rumah Wayang," above the theatre, mean "The House of the Play."

Photograph by Knocker.

was astonished to find that she received with disgust his explanation that, despite appearances, he was really free to marry. The discussion of the problem failed to rouse much interest, in spite of a fine performance by Miss Edyth Olive; probably a tendency to unnatural dialogue was to blame, combined with the exaggerated absurdity of the artist and his temperament.

Miss Julia Neilson has made a welcome return to the stage, with a strange and wonderful play, called "Henry of Navarre," by Mr. William Devereux. It is not often that so many violent and exciting adventures are successfully packed into four acts; and whatever may be thought of the quality of the incidents in the lives of Henry of Navarre and Marguerite of Valois, there can be no grumbling as to



"HUMPTY DUMPTY," AT THE ROYAL COURT, LIVERPOOL: MISS MABEL GREEN AS THE PRINCESS CURLYLOCKS.

Photograph by Bassano.

At other theatres, new plays show signs of dropping out, and revivals are springing up. At the Garrick, "Idols" has gone, and "The Adventure of Lady Ursula" has taken its place. There is much to be urged against this old favourite; it is artificial, of course, and the humours of the lady masquerading as a man are a little out of date; but there is always a certain distinction about Mr. Anthony Hope's essays in romantic comedy which redeems them from banality. Lady Ursula and Sir George and Mr. Dent and the rest of them are, after all, very gay and gallant people, and for gayness and gallantry, combined with wit, there will be always a warm corner in the heart of the public. Miss Evelyn Millard, Mr. Herbert Waring, and Mr. Charles Fulton all wear their fine clothes and utter their humourous and romantic sentiments with the proper air; and it seems pretty clear that for the remainder of her season Miss Millard will require no other play.



CALIFORNIA'S FIRST THEATRE: THE JENNY LIND, MONTEREY.

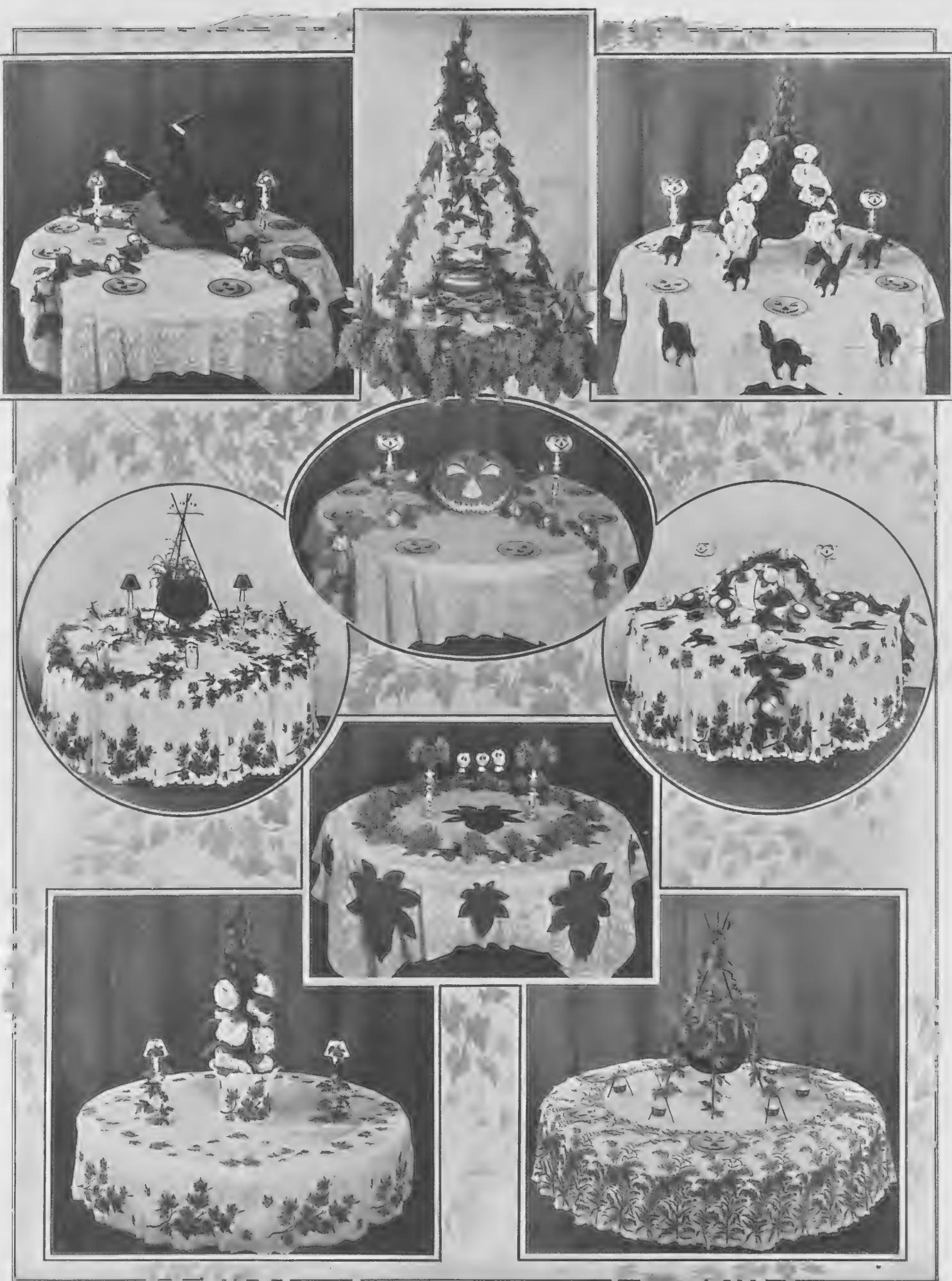
Monterey boasts of possessing the first wooden house, the first brick house, and the first theatre in California. The theatre shown in the photograph is a one-storey, adobe structure, plastered, with small doors and narrow windows. It is always called the Jenny Lind Theatre, from the fact that the Swedish nightingale sang there one night in 1847. The building is not materially damaged, though it is disfigured by the signs of tobacco advertisements tacked on its walls. The California Historical Landmarks Society, which has for its object the preservation of old and interesting buildings associated with the early history of the State, proposes to save the Jenny Lind Theatre from further injury, and to put it into repair.

Photograph by Inkersley.

Stephens, no doubt intentionally, gives a clever imitation of Sir Charles Wyndham, and there is once more Miss Marie Illington as the deliciously humourous Mrs. Jardine.

"Lady Epping's Law-Suit," too, has disappeared from the Criterion, and "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace" has returned. Lady Epping was only Mrs. Gorringe in new surroundings, and Mrs. Gorringe in any surroundings is always delightful. It is difficult to imagine anybody other than Miss Mary Moore in the part, and when she plays it, any revival will be welcome. Mr. Yorke

PAPER AS A TABLE-DECORATION: THE LATEST CRAZE.



FOR USE ON FESTIVAL OCCASIONS: REMARKABLE SCHEMES OF DECORATION IN PAPER.

In the instances illustrated the table-cloths, the serviettes, and the table-decorations are all of paper, but there is no reason why the paper decorations should not be used in connection with the ordinary linen cloth and table-napkin. A good deal of ingenuity and a good deal of practice are, of course, required before such excellent results as those shown can be obtained; otherwise there is no reason why anyone should not make such decorations.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Mind and Matter.

As Brigadier-General Robertson is to discuss to-morrow evening military matters in relation to the Canadian frontier, it may be of interest to note how the men who manage things for us carry out their work. Some few years ago, there was a tribe of Indians settled on the American side of the line who were a continual source of trouble both to the States and the Dominion Government. They would dash over the frontier and commit some offence; then hop back, pursued by Canadian soldiery, who were always in danger of leading up to a regrettable international incident. At last it was agreed that the tribe should be taken into the heart of Canada and settled on a reservation. Upon the appointed day a regiment of American cavalry rounded up the natives and escorted them to the frontier. There they were met by a couple of Canadian Regulars, sergeant and private. "Where are your troops?" asked the American officer. "We're the troops," answered the red-coated sergeant. "Gosh, you'll be chewed up at your first camp!" was the consoling rejoinder. "Oh, we'll chance it," said the other. And they chanced it successfully. They took the whole tribe, bag and baggage, hundreds of miles up country, settled them on their reservation, and came back without turning a hair. It was all in the day's work, and they thought nothing of it.

The Murderer who were in Command. The felons liberated by the falling of the jail at Messina showed themselves shockingly ungrateful for their extraordinary escape, for several had to be shot to check them from looting. One of the few people who escaped the St. Pierre disaster was a murderer under sentence of death; his cell was the only safe asylum in the island. General Baden-Powell has seen condemned men turn their liberty to better account than did the miscreants of fallen Messina. When the pressure upon beleaguered Mafeking was at its worst, when there were Boers inside the lines attempting to fight their way out, and other Boers beyond endeavouring to batter their way in, he had the prisoners in the jail released, and invited them to take part in the defence of the town. They jumped at the chance. Stationed upon the roof of the prison, they did great execution, with their jailer in command. Presently he fell dead, and the most valorous of the party took command. The new commander was a murderer who was under a life sentence.

Devils Unawares.

The reported escape from Brentwood Asylum of a man who had been confined there for attempting to murder his wife recalls the appalling story of Richard Dadd, one of the most promising artists of the middle of the nineteenth century. Driven mad by the scorching sun of Egypt, he believed that he was commissioned to slay the devil. Under this delusion he beguiled his father out on to Blackheath Common and there murdered him. With great

cunning he escaped and crossed the Channel. On the way up to Paris he entered into conversation with a stranger who shared the railway compartment with him. The stranger was so pleasant and affable that the wretched lunatic reached the conclusion that not his father but this man was the devil, and that he must be slain. He looked to the heavens for a sign. The sun was setting in a stormy sky, and Dadd determined that if the sunset were a gloomy one, that must be the sign, and the stranger must die. The sun went down in unclouded splendour. The homicide read in the scene a message to stay his hand, and the unsuspecting traveller went his way unscathed.

Paganini's Violin.

The Town Council of Genoa committed a breach of trust in permitting Paganini's violin to be played the other night. But as the concert was in aid of the victims of the earthquake, who would blame them? The violin is a Guarnerius, given to him in his youth when he had staked his Strad on the gambling-table, and lost. He never afterwards played on any violin but the Guarnerius, and bequeathed it to Genoa, his native place, on the condition that it should never again be played by an artist. It would be uncomplimentary to M. Hubermann, the executant of the other evening, to say that the trust has not been violated. The Guarnerius was Paganini's joy and pride, but it sounded his death-knell. On that last night, when the credulous declared that evil spirits flitted about his room, he took the violin in his hands as he listened to the soft breeze in the trees, and struck his fingers upon the strings to ring out the old notes. The answer was only a confusion of feeble sounds. He realised that his powers had departed, and turned his face to the wall and died.

A Passage of Arms. The trouble in India has once again directed attention to the question as to how arms come to the malcontents,

not only in India, but in other parts of the world where they should not be. Sir Montagu Gertrud showed one way in which it is done. Rifles in parts, and cartridges-cases ready to receive the charge which a later delivery would bring, passed unchallenged, to be put together at leisure by the tribesmen. But Governments are at times to blame in a more positive sense. During the Franco-German war much surprise was evinced that thousands of American muskets appeared in the hands of French infantry. A whole ship-load of them was found on the way from the United States to France. They had been sold during the war by the American Government, not openly, of course, but secretly, through intermediaries; this in spite of the American proclamation of strict neutrality. The facts were there beyond dispute, and all that the Committee of the American House of Representatives could answer was that, inasmuch as the United States had been engaged in the sale of old muskets to France before the war, they were justified in continuing the sale during the war.



DAME FASHION IN FREAKISH MOOD: AN OPEN-WORK CORD GARNITURE, A STREAMERED HAT, AND A DIRECTOIRE SHAWL.

The cord garniture is designed to fill in winter the place that is filled in summer by the light lace garniture. The long, broad streamers falling from the hat are a feature of the fashionable millinery of the year.—[Photograph by Park.]

THE PLEASURE-SEEKER.



THE LADY: Well, I'll give you twopence—not because I think you deserve it, mind, but because it pleases me.
THE TRAMP: Thank yer, Mum. Couldn't yer make it a tanner, an' thoroughly enjoy yerself?



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



HOW many of the audience who admire the performance of Miss Florence Haydon in "The Builder of Bridges," at the St. James's Theatre, and know her name only of recent years as one of the most accomplished leading old women of the stage, are aware that her exceptional skill is due to the fact that she is one of the most experienced actresses we have? In the days of her youth she played in company with all the great stars—Charles Kean and Robson and the like—and in the various stock companies she was regarded as a highly accomplished leading lady. How skilled she was may be judged from the fact that when she was only eighteen she played Juliet at the leading theatre in Dublin, her Romeo being the late Mrs. Arthur Sterling, then Miss Cleveland, who died a short time ago. Another interesting fact is that Miss Haydon made her first appearance at the Olympic Theatre on the same occasion as Mr. Henry Neville. After a successful career she married, and eventually left the stage. She was away for fifteen years, and at the suggestion of her old friend, the late Mrs. Stephens, known familiarly to her comrades as "Granny" Stephens, she returned. Unlike what would happen with most young actresses, who are always over-anxious to play leading parts, Miss Haydon was content to understudy for several years and to play in curtain-raisers. One of the earliest of these in which she acted was "A Sheep in Wolf's Clothing." It served to illustrate vividly the vicissitudes to which actresses, more than actors, are subjected by the inexorable hand of time, for Mr. Henry Neville played the hero and Mrs. Bernard Beere played the heroine, while Miss Haydon was playing Dame Carew, the old woman. "The last time we played together," she said to Mr. Neville, laughing, "I was your sweetheart; this time I am your mother!"

It is not often that an actor is literally caught napping in the course of his performance. That, however, once happened to Master George Hersee, who is once again playing his original part in "Peter Pan." In the first act, as everybody must know by this time, John Napoleon Darling gets into bed and goes to sleep. After he has been there about a quarter of an hour Peter Pan arrives and kicks him out of bed, and he has to roll on to the floor, still sleeping soundly. One night, instead of merely pretending to go to sleep, Master Hersee went to sleep in real earnest. When Peter Pan came and kicked him, instead of falling out of bed, he sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked around without quite realising where he was or what he was doing. The next moment, however, when he saw Peter Pan standing above him, he gathered together his scattered senses and immediately rolled out of bed. Naturally, the incident created a great deal of amusement among the members of the company who were on the stage, but the audience was not aware of the contretemps which might have destroyed the illusion of the scene had the young actor's sleep been sounder, or had he not awakened so soon.

Miss Dorothy Craske, who has made as great a personal success in "Little Red Riding Hood," at the Lyceum, as she did in "Robinson Crusoe" last year, has discovered that there are disadvantages and discomforts even to the rôle of the Good Samaritan.

A short time ago she accompanied some friends on a motor trip to Brighton, to test the charms of a night ride, of which she had heard much. At about two o'clock in the morning they came upon a party of cyclists gathered around the unconscious body of a comrade who had been thrown off the tandem he was riding and had struck his head. The cyclists asked the loan of the motor to take the injured man to the Brighton Hospital. This was readily granted. Miss Craske and her friends got out of the car, one of the cyclists got in with his still unconscious friend, and drove off, promising to return as soon as possible, probably within an hour. The motorists sat down to await the return of their chauffeur, and the other cyclists, after thanking them for their kindness, rode off. The appointed hour went by, and another, but the motor did not return. Then, as the dawn was breaking, a rural policeman passed, and wondered at seeing a party of men and women in motor dress, without a motor, huddled by the roadside trying to keep warm. After waiting about three hours and a half Miss Craske heard the welcome hoot of the car, and the chauffeur returned to explain that the delay had been caused by the cyclist who was directing him to the hospital losing his way, and it had taken them over two hours to reach the institution, at which they had arrived with the sufferer still unconscious. Miss Craske and her friends got into the car to continue their journey, and at about half-past five, when they were still very cold, they overtook the cyclists sitting by the roadside eating breakfast and drinking hot coffee with great gusto. Miss Craske arrived at Brighton at seven o'clock in the morning, four hours later than she had anticipated, and anything but delighted with her first experience of a motor ride at night.



"THE ELECTRIC SPARK": MISS DAISY JEROME, WHO IS APPEARING WITH MUCH SUCCESS AT THE LONDON PAVILION.

The programme describes Miss Jerome as "the Electric Spark," and the young actress does all that in her lies to justify the title. In the first week of her engagement, for instance, she gave a song of imitations, a light musical-comedy-like song, a tragic song, and a broad comedy song.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



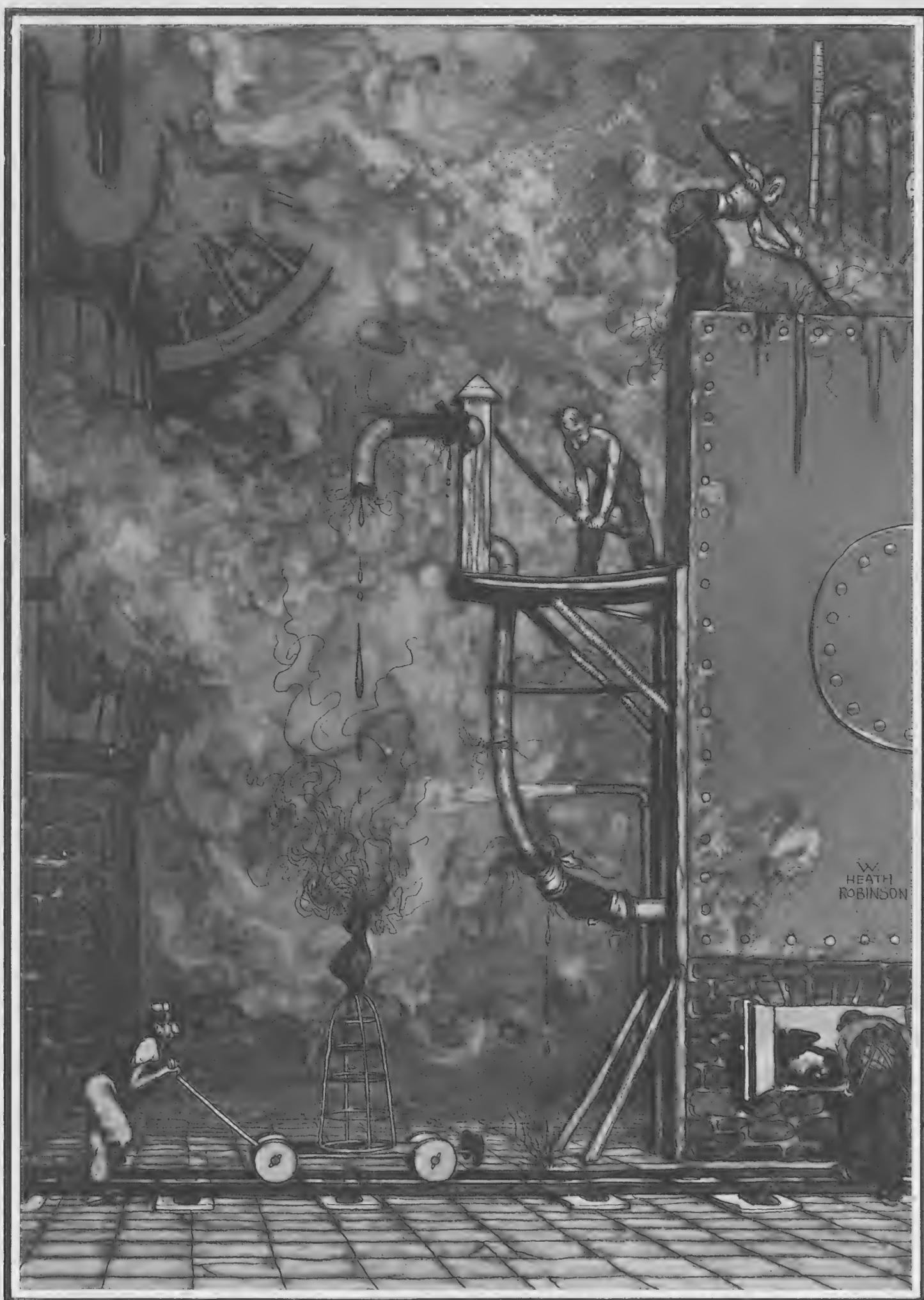
A HIPPODROME SPECTACLE ON TOUR: MISS RUTH MAITLAND, WHO IS PLAYING THE HEROINE IN "THE SANDS O' DEE."

When "The Sands o' Dee" was at the London Hippodrome, Miss Maitland played the heroine, and she is continuing to appear in the part in Manchester.

Photograph by Bassano

Mr. William Lockhart, the Mr. Hobbs of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" company, once had a startling experience, which, though it might have ended fatally, served him for the introduction of a new line, and thus made it a part of the play. He was acting the Messenger in "A Message from Mars" at a provincial theatre, and at the end of the second act, just as he was preparing for his flight back to Mars, a counter-weight, which had been left on the "gridiron" forty feet above the stage, came crashing down. It fell immediately in front of the actor, and its weight and momentum were so great that it went clean through the stage. It was enough to startle anyone so much as to make him forget his lines. Happily, however, it had not that effect on Mr. Lockhart, who, on the contrary, regarded the incident as too appropriate to the situation to be missed; so he exclaimed, "Oh, a message from Mars! Farewell to earth and thee!" and the next moment he made his exit.

GREAT BRITISH INDUSTRIES — DULY PROTECTED.



V.—THE TESTING-ROOM IN A HAIR-RESTORER FACTORY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

FOR the last few days I really have been doing some literary lounging, and ought to be able to give you the real thing. I wonder how you will like it. No new books skimmed for the sake of writing about them, or anything of that kind. I have been browsing in a library, taking books at haphazard from shelves, smelling them, and putting them back, going with an old favourite to an armchair, going to sleep over it—if that is not to be a literary lounger, what is? I have remained in the country; I have had a bad cold; the weather has been vile. It is not for me, by the way, to quarrel with the inscrutable decrees of Providence, but I confess, in all humility, that I cannot see the point of snow. Some people profess to think it beautiful, I know; to my mind and eye it covers up beauty, like a great white sheet spread over it. It is a bore while it lasts, and it is an active nuisance while it is going away. I have avoided it in both states, and have remained in the library.

The said library is not my own: if it were I could not have been a literary lounger in it. My own is very small, and I know it by heart. But in my friend's, which contains many thousands of books, I can really lounge. There is the joy of looking at familiar volumes in other and perhaps more interesting forms than one is accustomed to: my friend has many first editions. There is the joy of re-reading, or at least looking at again, books one has read and loved and forgotten ages ago. Then there are illustrations—I confess to an unliterary fondness for illustrations. For example, there is a set of Defoe with pretty little artistic pictures—though, by the way, when you come to "Robinson Crusoe" give me the edition, with its clumsy cuts, I had as a boy. There are heaps of joys.

But I can only sip them. I seem to be constitutionally incapable of fixing my attention for long on any one book when I am surrounded by others I have not looked at; my eye wanders away, and I put the book by and take down another. One book, however, I have read all through again, chiefly because I have taken it to bed with me. A novel, of course; I despise people who read nothing but novels, and much prefer, as a rule, to read biographies and letters; but they are rather cumbrous to carry about the house, and at bed-time one's mind does turn to fiction. The novel in question is Laurence Oliphant's "Altiora Peto." I wonder how much he is read now. His philosophical writings—quasi-philosophical, if you like—are not made to endure, and his travels and sojournings in the East, vivid and interesting though they are, perhaps make but a slight appeal to the average reader. But his social novels, "Piccadilly" and the one I have mentioned, ought to be read while people read that sort of thing, and they do read it by the mile, generally far worse done than by Laurence Oliphant. I am aware that there are people who won't read anything but new books at all. A distinguished friend of mine, a writer too—

you would be surprised if I told you his name—professes to think that books are for their immediate contemporaries, and that he can only read those of his own immediate time. Still, even if that lamentable view were widely held, it ought not to apply to Laurence Oliphant, who has not been dead many years, and is in no way *demodé*; he was far too much in advance of his own time for the average person to have caught him up yet.

I think publishers are much to blame, and even from their own commercial point of view are rather stupid, in regarding books as a sort of perishable flowers, whose life cannot possibly be prolonged over a season. Of course there is an enormous amount of trash, silly novels, and of late those intolerable sham biographies and paste-and-scissors books which cannot be expected to live, simply because they ought never to have been born. But when a book is warmly welcomed by good critics as a real contribution to literature, it seems foolish of publishers to push it vigorously for a few weeks and then to forget all about it. Unfortunately, unless you keep a thing "before the public," that feckless monster is certain to forget it. New readers are constantly arriving, and it is absurd to suppose that they will read nothing but books wet from the printer. Classics are reprinted, but



MR. PUNCH EXHIBITS HIMSELF: THE FAMOUS "ROUND" TABLE AT "PUNCH'S PAGEANT."

"Punch's Pageant" opened at the Leicester Galleries on the second of the month. Perhaps the most interesting of the exhibits was the famous deal table around which the "Punch" staff sit every Wednesday night and form plans of campaign, and upon which, cut deep into the wood, figure the initials of the staff of other days and to-day.—[Photograph by Bolak.]

what of books which made their mark ten years, or even three years ago? Why should they be dead as doornails for want of an occasional advertisement? Because in certain other trades old materials have to be "scrapped" it does not follow that all old material is commercially without value. I do not object to the commercial side of an art being regulated on trade principles, but I do object to the commercial side of my art being so stupidly mismanaged, on irrelevant trade principles. My quarrel with publishers has never been that they are tradesmen, but that they are incompetent tradesmen. But I am sitting up, instead of lounging.

To return to "Altiora Peto." Laurence Oliphant's pictures of contemporary "good society" are very "actual." He knew it intimately, but regarded it from a position apart (a very rare combination) by reason of wider interests and a subtler mind. But what pleases me most in him is the touch of fantasy and caricature which colours the whole thing. When our present students of society who can be taken seriously—Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, or Mr. Mallock—paint you a social type, they do it very faithfully and elaborately; they give you everything or nearly everything; but it is as a biologist studies a beetle, solemnly, prosaically. Laurence Oliphant tricks out his type here and there—which does not prevent your seeing it as it is—and dances round it with twinkling eyes. Hardly anyone can do that now of our writers of novels—Mr. Shaw, in his lighter moods, does it admirably in his plays—and this alone ought to keep Laurence Oliphant's books alive.

N. O. I.

STARTING PRICES.



THE CUSTOMER: What are carrots to-day?

THE LOCAL BOOKIE (*mindin' the shop for the "missus"*): 5 ter 4, lady. 2 ter 1 portaters; 5 ter 2 turnips; 6 ter 1 beetroots; any price yer like the field.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE STATESMAN AND THE SUFFRAGETTE.

BY EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

THE Statesman gave his coat to the butler. The butler coughed discreetly.

"Someone to see you, Sir," he said. "A lady—" and he coughed again, if anything, more discreetly still. The Statesman paused in his step to look at him.

"A lady?" he repeated. "At this time of the evening—"

"The young lady insisted on waiting, Sir."

"H'm," said the Statesman reflectively; "then she's young?" The butler mutely assented. "And *would* wait?" added the Statesman.

"Insisted, Sir," said the butler, with gentle emphasis.

The Statesman frowned.

"Why, it must be nine o'clock," he mused. "And I want to get down to the House for a late division to-night—you should not have admitted her, John," he admonished.

"No, Sir," said the butler.

"But you did?"

"Yes, Sir," said the butler.

"Why?" demanded the Statesman.

"The young lady insisted on being admitted, Sir."

"John, you're a blockhead," said the Statesman.

"Yes, Sir," said the butler, and he put up his hand as if to ward off another discreet cough, but checked himself in time. "The young lady is in the morning-room, Sir," he added.

"I am afraid it will be necessary to remove her," remarked the Statesman; then a sudden suspicion seemed to cross his mind. "H'm—I think I can guess, John. What is the young lady's name?"

"She didn't give a name, Sir," the butler cautiously replied. "Shall I take your hat, Sir?"

The Statesman handed it to him mechanically.

"A hansom at half-past nine punctually," he directed, and, turning on his heel, crossed the hall to the morning-room, which he entered. The electric light had been switched on, and at first the room appeared to be empty, as the Statesman threw a quick glance round it; but the next moment he became aware of the figure of a girl, apparently leaning up against the sideboard.

"Ah—good evening," said the Statesman. "I am, of course, charmed to see you, but I hope you will pardon me for mentioning—"

"Votes for women!" exclaimed the girl.

"Certainly," replied the Statesman suavely; "but as I was about to observe, I—"

"Votes for women!" repeated the girl.

"Be quiet, and don't interrupt me," said the Statesman, with sudden irritation. "I was on the point of saying—"

"Votes for women!"

"Nothing of the kind," he contradicted. "This is a most inopportune moment for a visit—I am very busy to-night. I—"

"Oh, nonsense!" broke in the girl. "Besides, this is part of your business, isn't it?"

"What—interviewing young ladies?" The Statesman's eyebrows went up ever so slightly.

"Interviewing political people," she corrected.

"Are *you* a political person?" he inquired, with a small accession of interest.

"Why, of course!" she rejoined in surprise. "Didn't you know? I'm a Suffragette."

"Bless my heart!" said the Statesman, "are you?"

"That's why I said 'Votes for women' just now."

"Ah, I might have imagined it. That, however, only makes it the more regrettable, for I really cannot listen to you now. I am due at the House shortly, and must therefore—most reluctantly—ask you to leave."

"Then," she retorted, "I must—most reluctantly—refuse to do so."

"In that case," he rejoined in his most winning tone, "I fear I shall be compelled to have you removed."

"Impossible," she said firmly. "John couldn't do it—he couldn't, really. Consider how fat he is."

The Statesman frowned.

"Won't you sit down?" he inquired, with icy politeness. "At any rate, there is no reason why you should remain standing during our—er—little altercation."

"There's a very good reason," she retorted. "If you weren't so abominably short-sighted you would have observed the fact for yourself long ago!" There was an obvious note of chagrin in her voice. The Statesman blinked at her through his gold pince-nez.

"You needn't be rude," he remonstrated. "I was born short-sighted. It's a sign of genius—What on earth is that arrangement you've got round you?" he suddenly broke off to inquire.

"Oh, you've noticed it at last!" snapped the Suffragette.

The Statesman bent forward, his hands resting on his knees, as he peered at her more earnestly.

"It—er—seems to be some sort of chain," he hazarded.

"It is a chain!" she flashed.

"Gracious heaven!" ejaculated the Statesman. "And what's that thing, pray?" He pointed a denunciatory finger at the object in question.

"A padlock!" said the Suffragette proudly.

"A padlock?" repeated the Statesman in astonishment.

"I told you it was no use for John to attempt to remove me," she reminded him gleefully. "I'm chained to the sideboard. So now you'll *have* to listen to me."

The Statesman rose.

"I shall ring for John to remove that padlock," he announced with decision, "and you, too—"

"Don't be silly," protested the Suffragette, in some alarm. "I tell you John can't remove me—or the padlock either. It's a *word* padlock—unless you fix the letters right, it won't open."

The Statesman gave a little gesture of resignation and sank back into his chair again.

"In that case"—he spread out his hands with an urbane air of surrender—"I suppose I have no alternative—I must listen to you. I'm entirely at your mercy."

"I'm glad you at last recognise that fact. Yes, you'll have to listen to me—for once!"

"Oh—come," objected the Statesman pleasantly. "As if—" He finished the sentence with a shrug. "Have you really anything to say?" he added.

"Certainly—'Votes for Women!'" replied the Suffragette.

"But you've said that before," he demurred.

"We're going on saying it till we get them," she explained affably. "It sounds rather silly, doesn't it?"

"It seems to me the last expression of idiocy," the Statesman agreed. "And what on earth have you fixed yourself to my sideboard for? It looks extremely uncomfortable."

"It's the correct thing to do," she pointed out, "when one becomes a Suffragette. At the last meeting it was decided that every member should provide herself with a chain and padlock at once."

"Meeting?" echoed the Statesman, aghast. "Surely you don't mean to tell me that you have joined this—this abandoned society. *You*?"

The Suffragette blushed slightly.

"Well, I—I—was there," she admitted, "with a friend."

"I am surprised at you," said the Statesman, in a tone of grave reproof. "Really I am."

"Well, you needn't be," she retorted with spirit. "I don't see that there is anything to be surprised at in women wanting the vote."

"My surprise was not on that account," he explained. "Though why women cannot be satisfied to attend to the nursery, and the—thousand-and-one domestic offices which fall within the legitimate province of feminine activity, which men are incapable of discharging, instead of struggling to interfere in men's work and the things which they understand nothing about, passes the ordinary wit of man to determine."

The Suffragette clapped her hands.

"Ripping!" she cried. "I simply love to hear you talk like that. It's—it's just as good as being in the Ladies' Gallery. Was it part of a speech?"

"No," said the Statesman sternly; "it was not. "And now, pray, what have you got to say on the subject?"

"Oh—votes for women. Well, don't you think it's only fair that they should have them?" she inquired.

[Continued overleaf]

MAN AS WOMAN: JAPANESE ACTORS AS JAPANESE ACTRESSES.



1. AS IT WAS ON THE OLD JAPANESE STAGE: AN ACTOR IN A FEMININE RÔLE.

2. AN ACTOR AS A JAPANESE LADY.

3. AN ACTOR AS A GEISHA.

4. A JAPANESE MAN AS A JAPANESE WOMAN.

5. THE ACTOR BAIKO AS A WOMAN.

In those Japanese theatres that favour old methods, in particular, it is by no means uncommon for actors to appear in feminine rôles. That their make-up is excellent may be judged from our photographs.

"It's not a question of fairness, but of expediency," rejoined the Statesman cautiously. "I reserve my opinion on the point. I want yours."

"Then I think we ought to have them," she replied, in a tone of profound conviction.

"Supposing," said the Statesman, with a non-committal smile, "for the sake of argument, we concede that contention, and pass on to the methods adopted by these—er—ladies to gain their ends. May I ask if you approve of them?"

"What methods?" she inquired, with a little frown of perplexity.

"For a Suffragette you are sadly deficient in a knowledge of the rudimentary forms of procedure employed by this remarkable body of politicians," he observed, with suave irony. "I allude, of course, to the rowdy behaviour of your militant leaders—the indecorous and unwomanly exhibitions of feminine hooliganism to which the public have been recently treated—the hysterical and meaningless outbursts of impotent violence in public places—ill-bred and vulgar interruptions of public meetings. These are some of the active methods of the so-called Suffragettes upon which I am now inviting you to express an opinion."

"Well, it seemed rather fun," she answered doubtfully; "rather exciting—the—the marching about and padlocking, and—and—all that sort of thing. But it doesn't certainly sound very pretty as *you* put it."

"I didn't intend it to," he replied. "Besides, that's the way it sounds to all sensible and sane people, believe me. And can you seriously imagine for one moment that going about the country stridently shouting 'Votes for women!' is the kind of conduct likely to persuade rational men and women that these ladies are fit to exercise the responsibility of the vote—for the matter of that, any sort of responsibility at all?"

"Oh, but most of them only do it for fun, you know," explained the Suffragette apologetically.

"They do it," declared the Statesman, "because it affords them a new source of emotional excitement, after the more ordinary and conventional channels of bridge-playing, theatre-going, novel-writing, and so forth have begun to pall on their etiolated spirits. Then they turn to more violent forms of stimulation."

"You don't put it at all nicely," she protested. "I'm sure they're not *all* like that!"

"Not all," agreed the Statesman, "possibly. But the earnest minority must invariably suffer for the faults of the frivolous majority. Under which of these heads do you wish me to classify you?" he asked, raising his eyebrows gently.

"Under neither," responded the Suffragette promptly. "I think you're quite horrid to talk like that."

The Statesman smiled, not displeased.

"I gather, then," he rejoined, "that you already are disposed to abjure the sacred principles of this great cause?"

"Nothing of the sort," she retorted. "I still think women ought to have votes—if they want them."

"Do you want them?" he inquired, with the least inflection of irony.

"I am not quite sure what I should do with them if I had them," she admitted, puckering her forehead prettily.

"That," smiled the Statesman, "seems to be a very sufficient answer to my question. It also seems to me to express the probable attitude of most of the dear ladies who are loudest in their demands for the franchise. But," he added, "they would probably be the last to admit it—few Suffragettes possess your delightful candour."

"I am glad you think it delightful," said the Suffragette.

"I do," he replied. "It's one of the points in you that I admire most."

"Pray," she demanded, in a tone of carefully modulated irony, "what may be the others?"

The Statesman passed his hand thoughtfully across his chin.

"Your femininity," he answered.

"Oh! What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"I mean," replied the Statesman, speaking very deliberately, "that you would never do as a militant Suffragette."

"And, please, why not?"

The Statesman's smile was infinitely indulgent.

"Your nature would betray you to the most superficial observer," he explained. "You're too true a woman to try and ape a man's ways. Otherwise—" The pause conveyed much.

"You mean," she broke in, "that you wouldn't have—" She stopped too.

"Precisely," he agreed. "I mean just that."

"Well, you needn't," she replied inconsequently; "it's not too late—yet!"

The Statesman ostentatiously consulted his watch.

"It's nearly half-past nine," he informed her.

"I did not ask you the time!" retorted the Suffragette wrathfully.

"No"—the Statesman smiled—"but I thought I would take the opportunity of once more reminding you that I am due at the House at ten. And I am sure," he added, "that you must be tired of standing in that extremely uncomfortable position."

"Well, then, why don't you remove me?" she demanded, flashing a scornful look at him.

"I don't know the word that unlocks your padlock," he pointed

out. "So"—he rose—"I'm afraid you'll have to stay there till somebody comes along who does."

"If you are going to be a perfect brute," protested the Suffragette, reddening, "I—"

"Well?" inquired the Statesman, pausing politely.

"It's more than one word," she said, looking down. "It's . . . about . . . two."

"That," rejoined the Statesman, "only increases the difficulty. I don't really see what is to be done."

"Then you are stupider than I thought!" flashed the Suffragette. "I'm not going to stay here any longer. You've got to unfasten me."

"Certainly," agreed the Statesman, stepping towards her. "It's quite time you went home to bed. I tremble to think what your mother would say if she saw you now."

"She knows," retorted the Suffragette defiantly. "I told her I was coming."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the Statesman. "And what did she say?"

"She said, 'John won't let you in at this time of night.'"

"And John did," remarked the Statesman thoughtfully.

"He had to," she explained.

"Of course. And under those circumstances John had no alternative. I shall be compelled to dismiss John, I see."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she declared. "He's a regular old dear, and we'll keep him till he's a hundred."

"We?" queried the Statesman. "I understood you to imply just now that our—er—our engagement was to be at an end?"

"I said you could please yourself," she retorted. "I don't care—not a bit."

"But *I* do," said the Statesman calmly. "I couldn't get on without you now—I positively couldn't. Not even if you were a *real* Suffragette."

"I am," she assured him.

"You couldn't be," he denied. "Not even if you tried ever so hard—you couldn't, really. You're much too sweet a little rogue. Nature didn't intend you for politics; Nature intended you for—well—for quite other things."

"That's all *you* know about it," she scoffed.

"All I *don't* know about it is not worth knowing," he retaliated, with calm finality. "Did you say *two* words?"

"I said *about* two—I am not quite sure—I—I think there may be three. I—"

The Statesman regarded her sternly.

"If you are not quite sure how many words there are, how do you propose to get yourself unchained, pray?" he demanded.

"Don't be so ridiculous!" she protested. "'Unchained,' indeed—as if I were a sort of wild beast! Besides, I *am* sure. I—I'd only forgotten for the moment. Three."

"Then what are they?"

"I won't tell you—they . . . they're private. Ring for John. I—I'd rather John unfastened me, thanks."

"If they're private," objected the Statesman, "I don't think John is quite the—ah—proper person to hear them. Of course," he added reflectively, "there's no particular reason why you shouldn't unfasten the padlock *yourself*!"

"There *is* a reason," she contradicted, frowning. "I—I can't get at the letters properly in this position. If you won't—"

"But I will," interrupted the Statesman eagerly.

"I was going to say, call John," she explained.

"Quite unnecessary, I assure you," he declared.

"Well, then," said the Suffragette, with sudden decision, "the words— No! I won't tell you."

"It would be very awkward for you to remain here all night," suggested the Statesman impartially. "Consider your poor mother's anxiety."

"Oh, well—! Then I suppose I shall *have* to," she sighed.

"What! Remain here all night? Impossible!"

"Don't be so absolutely idiotic!" she retorted. "I meant, of course—*tell* you."

"Of course," he agreed blandly. "Three—I think you said?"

"Yes. You'll have to—come close. . . ."

"I don't mind that a bit," said the Statesman.

"It's—it's not necessary to come as close as all that," she objected; "not *absolutely* necessary—"

"I think it's easier," he pointed out.

"Oh! Then the three words are—you must repeat them aloud after me, please. Now—are you listening?"

"Most attentively," he assured her.

"Whisper, then—'I—'"

"'I,'" repeated the Statesman

"'Love—'"

"'Love.'"

"'You—'"

"'Eh?'" said the Statesman.

"I said *you*—that is—*me*," she instructed him.

"Oh—I see. You—that is *me*."

"Don't be such a donkey!" she reprimanded. "Of course, if you *don't*—"

"But I do!" he protested. "I do! More than all else on earth—more than life itself!—and—you bewitching little rogue of an angel!—you *know* it!"

"Oh," murmured the Suffragette—"how *hard* you kiss!" . . .

THE END.

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FOUR Duchesses as Dorcas! Susan Somerset, Mary Bedford, Millicent Sutherland, and Constance Westminster have put their names to an appeal for "garments" for Messina, and garments galore have come their way. Thousands have already been despatched; thousands more are to follow. The Sicilian peasant is likely enough to be unrecognisable when decked out in the slightly soiled confections of Bond Street, Dover Street, and their bypaths. But by "garments" the Duchesses did not mean the hats or robes some kind people have included in their bundles, but underclothing mainly; and it is underclothing that they have mainly got. There is no idea of converting the Sicilian peasant into a guy.

The Sicilian Players. The Duchess of Sutherland is the solitary Dorcas of the four who knows well the scenes that have now been devastated. She took a very observing eye with her to Sicily, and she stayed for some time at lucky Taormina, where at least one English friend of hers permanently dwells. And what of the Sicilian Players? That is a question often asked by London, and who invest generalised regrets the apprehension on account of the mock tragedies of the stage.

Finds and the Fund.

Many have been the secondary and private encouragements to charity on behalf of the sufferers at Messina. In several cases some strain of Southern blood has made a call upon the sympathies of those who have contributed to the Lord Mayor's Fund, as in the case of Sir Hermann Weber, whose name denotes only one, if the chief, of the nationalities that have gone to the making of a notable medical talent. Travel and connoisseurship are two other main reasons for charity, and if Sir Asher Wertheimer and Sir William Agnew both send their

contributions from Bond Street it is because they are there reminded of notable bargains made in Sicily. Messina and the surrounding country has long been regarded by the expert as a happy hunting-ground, and this in part accounts for the extraordinarily large proportion of collectors among the subscribers to the Relief Fund.

The Villa Rosebery. Lord Rosebery, whose £400 sped

on its mission of mercy through the prompt hands of Messrs. Cook, has, of course, a personal interest in the Italy of Earthquake, his property at Posilippo, Naples, coming well within the zone of dreadful possibilities. It is true it bears the safe name of the Villa Rosebery; but even the sign of the House of Lords or of Berkeley Square would not withstand the spasms of Nature. The Earl of Wemyss had many joyous scenes in memory when he forwarded his cheque to the Mansion House, and, of course, Mr. and Mrs. Sigismund Goetze, Mr. Claude Phillips, Curator at Hartford House; and Mr. FitzHenry, were, like

Lord Wemyss, stirred by the love of Italian art as well as of



A UNIQUE RELIGIOUS PROCESSION: A CROWD FOLLOWING AN ILLUMINATED CROSS THROUGH THE STREETS.

The procession took place in New York, and the Evangelist, Mr. W. A. Dawson, carrying an illuminated cross, led some six hundred men through the city.—[Photograph by Weld.]

people who knew or saw them in with a personal note the otherwise catastrophe has called forth. All apprehension on account of the Playcs may, however, be allayed. The real tragedy of life has not put a period to the

Lord Wemyss, stirred by the love of the Italian people.

The Cairo Crowd. Shepheard's, like good wine, needs no Bush; but the number of people who are at this moment or have been staying at Cairo's gay and very Western hotel would suggest that it was at the end of a London railway instead of at the beginning of another continent. From the Prince and Princess Borghese to Mr. Davies, the American excavator, from Princess Duleep Singh to Major and Lady Legard—newly married—and Sir Francis Younghusband, whose name was his only companion, the peoples have thronged the



A BOONE AND A BLESSING TO MEN? THE MARCH OF SIX HUNDRED SUFFRAGETTES THROUGH BOONE, IOWA.

The Suffragettes marched to celebrate the fact that the Supreme Court of Iowa had decided that the law allowing women to vote on questions of local taxation was good.—[Photograph by Movley.]

familiar verandah of the best known of Egyptian hotels. At the Savoy, also, the list is just as long, Mr. Felix Cassel and his bride, Lady Helen, being still, or until the other day, in residence there.

KEY-NOTES

THE Opera-house will open its doors on Saturday night, and for a month at least there will be one valuable gift to set against the rigour of the London winter. Special interest attaches to the performances of the Wagner "Ring" Cycle, because it

is understood that there will be no German opera in the season that opens with May, and those who rank the "Ring" operas among the most precious possessions of the Opera-house must go to Covent Garden now or to Bayreuth in July. With Dr. Richter in command, Mr. Percy Pitt as his lieutenant, a chorus trained by Herr Emil Kreuz, and the orchestra that is retained for the summer season, the performances are bound to reach a high level of excellence. And to make the

Mr. Thomas Meux, who made such a marked success at Covent Garden last January, and is an ever-welcome visitor to our concert-platforms, was born in Sussex, and was educated in London and Paris. His first public connection with opera dates from 1897, when he sang in Saint-Saëns' forbidden opera, "Samson and Delilah," at Queen's Hall. Engagements at Covent Garden followed his débüt, and then he was heard at the Metropolitan in New York, and in other cities of the States and Canada, under the direction of Maurice Grau. Another English singer whose progress has been rapid is Mr. Robert Radford, a Nottingham man, whose first public appearance is not yet ten years old. He is well known in the great centres of the musical festival, and appeared for the first time at Covent Garden in 1904. He has toured with Patti and with Melba.

Mr. Charles Knowles is well known in the provinces, where he has been associated with some of the best festivals of recent years. He sang at Covent Garden last year, and was then engaged for the coming season. Mr. D. B. Ayres is a Devonshire man, who sang first as a bass and then as a tenor. He studied at the Guildhall School, and understudied the Mime of last year's "Ring." Mr. John Roberts only left the law for the concert-hall some two years ago, and made his name at the Welsh National Eisteddfod Concerts. Mr. Arthur Royd is an Australian, who has studied in Milan and London. He was advised by Mme. Melba and M. Jean de Reszke to take up the study of Grand Opera, and will make his débüt in "The Meistersingers." Mr. Peter Dawson was born in Adelaide, and has been studying singing in this country for the past seven years. He has served the leading choral societies in the country, and is a familiar figure on the London concert platform.

Herr Peter Cornelius, who will be entrusted with the trying rôles of Siegmund and Siegfried, is a Dane, and has studied in Copenhagen, Paris, and Berlin.

He has sung in Bayreuth as well as London under the direction of Dr. Richter, and made his débüt here in the Grand season of 1907, when he appeared as Siegmund and Lohengrin. At present it is not possible to find the Englishman who can take the part of Siegfried, which is, perhaps, the most exacting in the whole range of opera, with due apology to Dr. Richard Strauss, who doubtless may be trusted to write something still more difficult before he is much older.

Herr Helge Nissen is another Dane, a bass, who made his first appearance in opera at Copenhagen some twelve years ago, and was given the office of Royal Chamber Singer in 1906. He will make his first bow to an English audience a few days hence.

THE PRIMA-DONNA WITH THE LONGEST HAIR: MME. VALLANDRI.

It is claimed for Mme. Vallandri, of the Paris Opéra Comique, that she has a head of hair that is finer than that of any other prima-donna.—[Photograph by Félix.]

COMMON CHORD.



A SOCIETY WOMAN WHO IS TO APPEAR ON THE MUSICAL-COMEDY STAGE: MRS. McLAGHAN.

Mrs. McLagan, who was a Miss Heseltine, is well known in London, and has a fine voice. She is to appear on the musical-comedy stage shortly, in a leading part.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

season more attractive there is the reflection that nearly all the principals and many of the chorus are British subjects.

There is some interest in a brief glance at the record of the principals, many of whom have already achieved success upon the concert platform. Mr. Francis Harford sang at Covent Garden when the "Ring" Cycle was produced last year; he has studied in Paris and Berlin, and was heard at the Sheffield Festival last autumn. Mr. Albert Garcia is a son of Mr. Gustave Garcia, of the Royal College of Music, and grandson of the late Manuel Garcia. Born and educated in London, he has studied in France and Italy, and sung in Paris and Berlin. This is his third season at Covent Garden. Mr. Maurice d'Oisly was educated at Wellingborough in England, and Blois in France. He studied the pianoforte and singing at the R.A.M., and has sung in light opera on the Continent.

Mr. Francis MacLennan is an American, born in Michigan. He has studied in New York, London, and Berlin, where, after two months' work, he received a five years' engagement at the Opera-house. He created in Germany the rôle of Pinkerton, in which he will be heard when "Madame Butterfly" is mounted. His wife, Miss Florence Easton, was born at Middlesbrough-on-Tees, and studied at the Royal Academy of Music and in Paris. After marrying Mr. MacLennan, Miss Easton sang in opera in America under the management of Mr. Savage, the well-known impresario, and then went to Berlin, where she sang with her husband at the Royal Opera-house throughout the long term of his agreement. Miss Easton, who has a remarkable memory, is said to have sung the part of Aïda in German at twenty-four hours' notice without rehearsal.

Clarence Whitehill needs no introduction to opera-goers. His good work at Covent Garden insures his welcome. Born at Marengo, in Iowa, he studied in Chicago and Paris and made his first appearance in Grand Opera at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels. Since then he has added to his reputation at the Paris Opéra Comique, the Metropolitan in New York, and the leading musical centres in Germany. At his best he is hard to beat, for he adds to a good voice a remarkable stage presence and the gifts of an actor.



THE PRIMA-DONNA WITH THE LONGEST HAIR:

MME. VALLANDRI.

It is claimed for Mme. Vallandri, of the Paris Opéra Comique, that she has a head of hair that is finer than that of any other prima-donna.—[Photograph by Félix.]



THE R.A.C. WORK IN 1908—THE FUTILITY OF DUST TRIALS—HOW QUALITY WINS ITS WAY: THE LANCHESTER DEBENTURES WIPE OUT—
NEWSPAPER MOTOR LEGISLATION: FELON TREATMENT—THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S NEW WORK: COST OF CAR RUNNING.

A SUMMARY of the work done by the Royal Automobile Club in 1908 lies before me as I write, and for the benefit of that considerable body of motorists who grouse, and grouse, and complain that the Club does nothing for automobilism, what time they carefully remain outside membership or associateship, I should like to be able to set it out quite fully in these columns. But as that would require something very like an entire issue of *The Sketch*, I fear that gratification is forbidden me. But in scanning the list of good works, I notice it said that a great advance has been made towards the evolution of the dustless car. I am prone to fancy that here the wish is father to the thought with the particular individual responsible for this statement. I carefully watched the dust trials carried out by the Club at Brooklands, and I am bound to say that no single car tested seemed to me to have marched one fifth of the way towards dustlessness.

I do not think that we should attempt either to deceive ourselves or the public as to the probable evolution of a dustless car. The absolutely dustless car is assuredly a consummation devoutly to be wished, but there it will stop. By raising the body farther from the ground (which, of course, decreases the stability of a road vehicle to be driven at high speed), making a perfectly smooth under-run, and keeping down the transverse diameter of tyres, the nuisance may be very largely abated, but even then it will be far from ensuring dustlessness. While a car moves fast through the air, displacing it in front, and leaving a void behind round into and up into which the air swirls, so long will that car be dusty more or less, if there be dust on the road to lift.

To create a demand and a market for a motor-car that differs from the all-round standard type is probably more difficult and more expensive in Great Britain than in any other motoring country in the world. Time and again we have seen appear and disappear varied types having much intrinsic merit to recommend them. But when an outside type—I use the term "outside" descriptively—does catch on and hold on, wins for itself a clientèle and a cult, then no doubt exists that by its sterling merits has it prevailed. I have in my mind at the moment that car which is now so familiar on English roads, and that is the luxurious Lanchester, which through evil repute and good repute has to-day arrived at the point so well deserved of all the thought, inventive genius and skill, care, sterling workmanship and finish put into it. Time was when, for the reasons first stated, the Lanchester Company found themselves faced by these selling difficulties, and some four years ago it was necessary to reconstruct the company, existing creditors (whose claims amounted to about £20,000) taking 5 per cent. debentures for their

debt. The fact that during the last four years the Lanchester Motor Company have accumulated sufficient profits to redeem the whole of these debentures but accentuates what I say in my opening

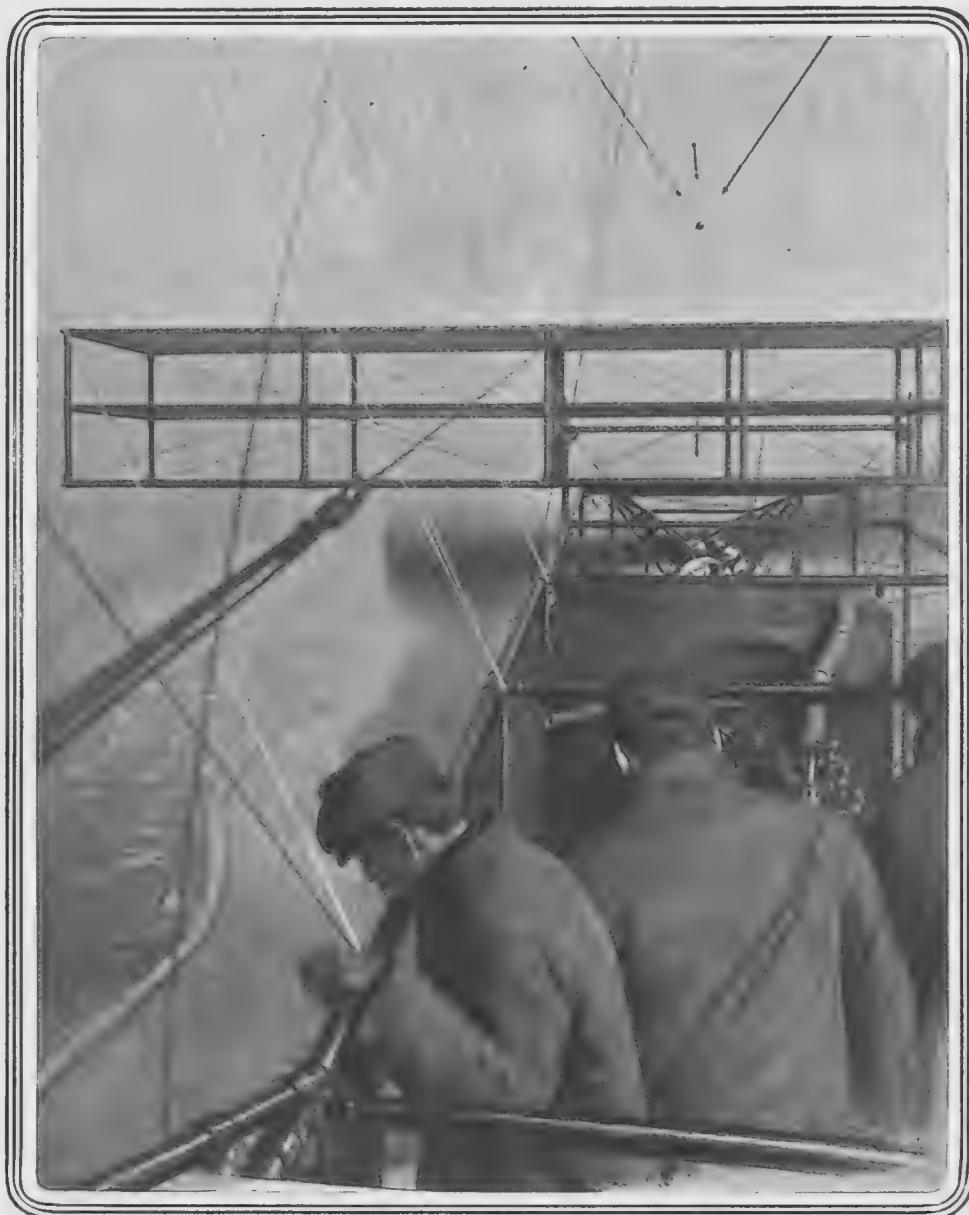
I am strongly of opinion that motorists, as a body, will feel the reverse of thankful to the paper that has drafted a number of amendments to the existing motor law. Apart from the proposal to abolish the idiotic speed-limit, these suggestions, so far as the punishments are concerned, are not only absurd, but lamentable and vindictive. The proposal reads as follows: "Fine for first offence to be increased

from £10 to £20, and for the second offence from £20 to £50. For every subsequent offence the alternative shall be imprisonment, not exceeding one year, instead of one month." If such a savage clause ever became law it would mean the absolute arrest of automobilism and the ruin of the industry. There is no getting away from it, that is what would ensue, for no automobile owner would run such ruinous risks with the knowledge and experience of police methods and police persecution possessed by automobilists.

The Automobile Association are taking upon their shoulders a very useful section of what I think I may call defensive work: The old adage has it that you may give a dog a bad name, and he is forthwith esteemedly hanged, and so with a man who is a motorist. It is only sufficient for a motorist to be in, round, or near a road accident of any sort for the whole blame of any happening to be heaped high upon his shoulders. Henceforward, when appears the sensational report in the "Shocker" headed, "Murdering Motorists—Callous Carmen," and the case is piled up as black

as possible against the automobilist, the A.A. will at once take hold, sift the facts to the bottom, and publish a true and unvarnished account of such incidents.

Time and time again motorists write to the technical journals with regard to the running cost of their cars, and nothing is more remarkable than the differences which obtain amongst divers owners driving and running similar cars under apparently similar circumstances. While some owners' charges appear both outrageous and unreasonable, others seem able to run their cars on air, or next door to it. Of course, something mid-way between these extremes is what happens to the average man; but with real care and attention to detail (and omitting rent for garage at home, and anything for depreciation, which is always a very debatable figure), an owner-driven 12-14-h.p. to 16-20-h.p. four-seated, four-cylinder car ought to be run, day in day out, for from 2d. to 2½d. per mile. If the figure exceeds this, then there is waste or slackness somewhere.



PHOTOGRAPHED IN MID-AIR: A SCENE ABOARD A FLYING-MACHINE.

The photograph was taken aboard the Clément-Bayard. The dark smudge in the background is caused by the rapid turning of the screw.—Photograph by Taffener.



GLASGERION AND BAYARDO—THE CHESTER CUP—DULLER'S STABLE.

A GOOD many Newmarket folk expect that Glasgerion will beat Bayardo when they meet this year. The first opportunity for them to do so is the Derby. All that is said at headquarters may be true of Lord Howard de Walden's Gallinule colt; but if Bayardo continues to do well—and there is no reason to suppose otherwise—bar accident, I fail to discover any reason why the Manton colt should not confirm the form shown at Sandown Park last July. In the National Breeders' Produce Stakes Bayardo carried 9 st. 2 lb., and beat Glasgerion (9 st. 1 lb.) with great ease by a length. That race apart, Glasgerion was not beaten. In his other races he beat Bomba, Perdiccas, Minoru, Starfinch, Oilskin, Allegra, Mount's Bay, and Sceptre filly. A good record, without doubt, but in the Derby favourite he met his master. Mat Dawson's words should be remembered when folk speak in raptures of Glasgerion: "The best two-year-old makes the best three-year-old." There is no room to doubt that the best two-year-old of 1908 was Bayardo, and that the second-best was Glasgerion. And if that is not the position at the end of 1909 I shall be vastly mistaken. With the exception of the Derby, the two colts have only one other chance of meeting—namely, in the Limekiln Stakes, at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting. Should they do so, and should one of them have won the Derby, that one will have to put up 14 lb. extra.

The lesson taught by failure has not been lost on the Chester executive. For the last two or three years, the famous Cup, even with its adornment of the more famous prize cheeses, has failed to fill when advertised to close on what is generally known as Nomination Tuesday. A bold attempt to grapple with the situation is made this year, and the race is not due to close until Tuesday, March 12. Thus owners of horses fit for such a race are given reasonable time to think the question over. Seeing that the race will not be run for until May 5, ample time will still be afforded for handicapping, accepting, and, if necessary, ante-post betting. This last is somewhat of a negligible quantity nowadays, but supposing anybody possessed a burning desire to speculate, they could do so to their heart's content in the interval

between declaration of acceptance and the day of the race. The experiment has practically been forced upon Chester, and I fancy that, providing it proves a success (and there is no reason to doubt it proving a success), next year more than one other executive will take the idea up and put back the date of the closing of some of their races.

I don't know whether, among the many systems favoured by backers of horses, that of following a certain trainer is particularly popular, but I should think that Duller's stable would show a profit for consistent support. This trainer achieved some remarkable successes during the flat-race season last year, and has been continuing to win many races under National Hunt rules. Up to now, he has not soared high. His particular line of business is to buy useful platers or platers that he fancies he can improve. That his judgment is rarely at fault was amply proved in 1908. I will give three instances which show with what shrewdness he goes about his business. When Leader had Gallop Along she possessed the reputation of being a jade, and she was allowed to go for 100 guineas after being beaten by Lubin at Yarmouth in September. Her record from that time was four wins in six races. She started this winning period by beating a field of good platers at Windsor, then ran second to the speedy Juliet II at Gatwick, and the equally speedy Peter Parley at Liverpool, and wound up the season by winning sprint races at Liverpool, Newbury, and Manchester.

From the time Duller had charge of her no horse could have shown more consistent form. Another plating triumph he achieved was with Wareham. This animal he secured at Sandown for 20 guineas, and a week later he captured a selling race at Alexandra Park, whereupon he was sold to Mr. Hartigan for 290 guineas. With Ute he was equally successful, although this small mare had won a race or two before he secured her. Duller got three good nurseries out of her in six attempts, and one of her defeats was attributable to the fact that she tried what for her was impossible — namely, staying six furlongs.

CAPTAIN COE.

COSTUME AND THE WOMAN: MISS CHARLOTTE MANSFIELD. Miss Mansfield, who left England a few days ago, is to make an attempt to travel from the Café to Cairo. [Photograph by the World's Graphic Press.]



A HANDCUFF KING DIVING MANACLED INTO THE RIVER: A REMARKABLE FEAT BY HARRY HOUDINI.

Our illustration shows one of the extraordinary feats performed by Harry Houdini, known as "The Handcuff King." He dived manacled into the river at Boston, and remained below the surface of the water while he undid his fetters.

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Boisterous Balkans.

The Balkans, though somewhat boisterous both politically and atmospherically, are, singularly enough, a region where women enjoy much consideration, especially if they travel by themselves. The Slav is essentially a *galant homme* in regard to the fair. When that intrepid and diverting traveller, Miss Edith Durham, first voyaged

in those lands, even the policemen in Belgrade felt impelled to offer her their hands and hearts. Happily, that brilliant young lady did not marry a Servian gendarme, but lives untrammelled by domestic cares to ride through the wildest regions of Albania, and tell us about her adventures when she comes back to humdrum London. Many others have had as pleasant, if not as exciting experiences in the Balkans.

When I travelled, a few years ago, in

Austrian Dalmatia and in Slav Montenegro I found high-handed suspicion in Ragusa; but, once across the Montenegrin frontier, the most courteous and chivalric of attitudes on the part of all the men-folk. For the high crime of stepping on to the parapet of the citadel of Ragusa to admire the view, I had the curious experience of being put under military arrest and of being cast behind iron bars until I could produce evidence that I was not a spy. But in Cettinje no one suspected me, and huge and dashing warriors, in rakish caps and jackets and multitudinous lethal weapons, posed like lambs before my kodak. In short, everyone, from Prince Nikola himself to the "boots" at the hotel, was of an amiability almost startling.

The Young Man and His Clothes.

It is part of the eternal fitness of things that the young man, no less than the young girl, should be preoccupied about his clothes. Tailors say that dancing-men are more particular about their dress than those who do not frequent ball-rooms or seek the capricious favour of lovely débütantes. Agility in the two-step and suavity in the valse are not alone enough to impress those fluffy young things in white tulle, who, it seems, are as critical of masculine waistcoats and cravats as any full-fledged dandy. For the young person, however charming and dewy-eyed, has all the arrogance of a queen in that limited and somewhat artificial domain, the ball-room. She must keep her subjects in order then, for it is practically her only chance of autocracy: afterwards Life—that sternest of ironists—will take her in hand and demonstrate to her how little she counts. Yet if it is a very narrow kingdom, the ball-room is, at any rate, her own; and small wonder if courtiers compete for her smiles and young men undergo tortures of apprehension lest they should not appear eligible in her sight. In the cotillon, above all, is popularity at the highest auction, for ribbons and toys, like kissing, go by favour, and the youth who leaves a ball without his coat starred with "favours" must suffer a humiliation which he will probably never experience again.



A LARGE SATIN HAT WITH A CROWN OF FOX FUR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

Only a Woman's Hair.

Nothing is more disconcerting to the person who is lethargic in regard to fashion than the swiftness with which the modern woman (or more probably the modern barber) changes the way of dressing the hair. One night, at the play—for the London theatre is the place to see new coiffures—you are surrounded with ladies with vast Gainsborough heads piled high on the top. The next week, lo! the women in the stalls and boxes have crowns as flat as pancakes, with distended hair at the sides. A fortnight passes, and the girls are Greek in outline, or have vast protuberant chignons challenging regard at the back. Now the latest word from Paris tells us that lovely woman is about to wear her locks hanging, as Nature wills, straight down her back. This would be a final solution of the difficulty, and would make life a more simple affair than it is at present, if one could for one moment believe that the hair-dressers would allow us to wear this primordial coiffure for more than one month at most. Naturally, they would not. Othello's occupation would be gone indeed if ladies went to balls and dinners with their hair in a state of nature. Not a doubt of it but the womenfolk will continue to torture and twist their locks at the bidding of the tyrant with the tongs.

Pictures and Politics.

The Entente between England and France is to be strengthened by an exhibition of famous eighteenth-century portraits, to be called *L'Exposition des Cent Portraits de Femmes*. The colossal success of the Exhibition of British Old Masters in Berlin last winter has doubtless suggested this new enterprise, for so great was the furore for Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney in Prussia that fashionable ladies attired themselves as Farrens and Hamiltons on the least provocation. But why, one may well ask, should only Old Masters and deceased ladies contribute to our pleasing understanding with France? Why not a hundred portraits of living beauties by modern painters—English and French—of which Mr. Sargent could supply so many examples? Then again, why not an exhibition of masculine beauty and talent, which would certainly attract the fair in prodigious crowds, especially if the favourite soldiers, poets, actors and singers of the time were represented on canvas? Politically, the picture show has not yet been properly exploited, and there seem to be endless possibilities in the idea. French celebrities are as little known personally in London as English notabilities are in Paris, and with gazing on the faces of our foreign contemporaries we might become still better friends.



A DRESS OF BURGUNDY-COLOURED CLOTH TRIMMED WITH BRAID AND VELVET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

WHILE children's gaieties supply us with the light side of life, sales at present occupy us on the serious side. Waring's great house in Oxford Street is just now the happy hunting-ground of bargain-seekers. The policy of the firm, to inaugurate each season with absolutely new designs throughout, is the opportunity of the woman who loves her home, and likes to make it look lovely at small cost. This is a pleasure undreamt of by the rich. The fine pieces of furniture characteristic of the firm are being sold at real bargain prices. An enamelled white bedroom suite, including a wardrobe with two compartments and bevelled mirror, for £19 10s., instead of £24 10s., is an example of what is to be found throughout the departments during the sale. There is a variety to choose from in sideboards and dining-room chairs, all extraordinary value. The carpets are also very varied, and reduced about four pounds each, in fine Turkey; while the cheaper ones are little over half usual selling prices. Linoleums and mattings, curtains, chintzes, and cretonnes are all included in the sale, frequently at half price. There are also bargains to be obtained in genuine antique furniture. I imagine many people will come up from the country for this sale.

A great opportunity is something not to be neglected. I fancy the annual clearance sale at Hampton's, Pall Mall, is little likely to meet with any neglect. This winter it is even more attractive than usual, because the firm bought on most advantageous terms the stock of modern furniture of a high-class firm of upholsterers and cabinet-makers, which is included in the catalogue at prices which will command a quick sale. A five-foot oak sideboard with drawers and cupboards, usually sold at £12, is now offered for £6 10s. With that sort of thing going on it is small wonder that hundreds of people wend their way daily to Hampton's. In chairs there is a wonderful choice at reductions, of which a large old wing easy chair (upholstered all hair and covered in blue tapestry, the usual price £8 15s., now £3 15s.) is one example taken haphazard from dozens of equally good bargains. Lamp-shades, from 3s. 6d. upwards, lace curtains, Witney blankets, Irish hand-woven linen, carpets, mats and furnishing fabrics are all reduced in a way to gladden purchasers. The name of the firm being a guarantee of the excellence of the things makes securing bargains there free from all risk. When the purchases come home they appear even more desirable than in the shop, which is not the case with all sale bargains.

Extremes are a rule in the realm of fashion, and to what we shall go in dress from the sheath skirts now in vogue we hardly dare surmise. The word crinoline may not be more than whispered—that it has been at intervals, with more or less sibilant persistence, for many a long year. I don't think the whisper will ever be very audible; the crinoline is as extinct as the Dodo; there isn't room for it in a twentieth-century world. The pictures of it in Mr. Punch's Pageant do not endear it to my sex. Drawn by Leech, Tenniel, and other artists of its period, it quite fails in the picturesque effect presented by some old fashions whose charm accounts for their periodical revival. There is an uncompromising character about a crinoline which puts its adaptation to modern ideas out of the question. To some extreme we shall go in the

spring to mark the change of fashion. I fancy it may be the stiffness of starch, but not of steel!

On "Woman's Ways" page a drawing will be found of a remarkably graceful and up-to-hour dress of Burgundy-coloured cloth, trimmed with braid and velvet and finished with a chemisette of white tucked lawn. The rich colour serves to emphasise the softness and whiteness of the ermine toque and muff worn with it. Another drawing is of a large satin hat with a crown of fox fur, finished with two long quills.



WEYMOUTH'S LATEST ATTRACTION: THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW PAVILION.

To its many attractions, Weymouth has added a beautiful new pavilion. In this, as may be seen from our photograph, is a charming theatre.—[Photograph by Creswick.]

misguided cigarette-smokers who have not yet adopted the B.D.V. as their favourite smoke, simply because they have not yet tried them. Besides several other excellent brands of cigarettes (as the "Kahira" and the "White City") this firm produces some remarkably fine cigars, including "Bella de Cuba," "Imperiales," "Preferidos," "Cabinet," and "Rothschild Regalia"; also some excellent pipe tobaccos—the B.D.V., the Grand Cut, the Marigold Flake, and the Benedictine Mixture, which makes those who try it murmur, "Benedictus benedicat."

We have received a copy of Messrs. James Carter and Co.'s new illustrated catalogue, entitled "Garden and Lawns," 1909. We call it a catalogue, but it might almost be described, in addition, as a delightful picture-book and an exhaustive guide to garden-produce, both in the shape of vegetables and flowers. Every conceivable variety seems to be here represented, as well as various garden tools, requisites, and ornaments. The high quality of Carter's seeds has long been well known, and some of their beautiful results were admired by thousands at the Franco-British Exhibition. Their seeds are of the kind which spring up and flourish, and rejoice the heart of the sower.

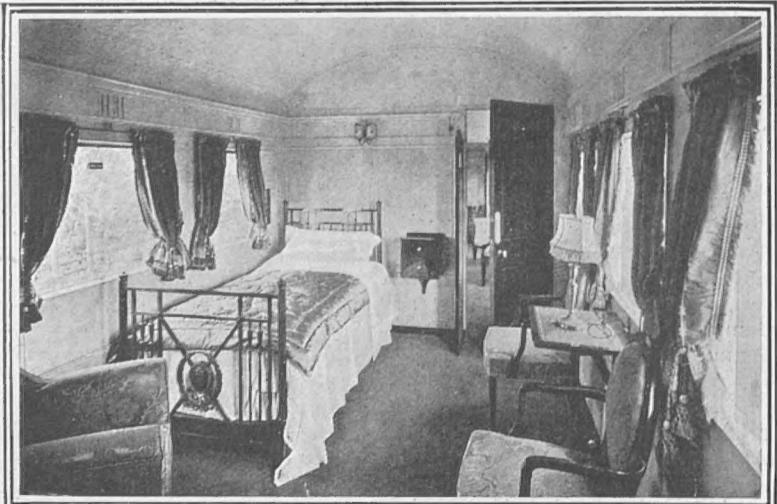
"Sweets to the sweet," said Shakespeare in one of his lyrical moods, and Caillers, acting upon the dictum of so excellent an authority, last summer instituted for consumers of their most famous chocolate one of the most generous competitions known to newspaper readers. Not only were there fourteen liberal cash prizes, ranging from £25 to £2 10s. each, but presents in the shape of boxes of chocolate were promised to all those competitors sending in outside wrappers to the value of five shillings. The new competition started on Jan. 1, 1909, and, generous as have been the former prize-lists offered to the public, it will be found that the new scheme excels all former enterprises of a similar description. The conditions of the previous competitions were, it will be remembered, extremely simple. Upon the outside wrapper of every packet of Cailler's chocolate was marked the full value. All the competitor was asked to do was to save the wrappers, tie them together, write his or her name upon the bundle, and send them to Cailler's Competition Offices, 8 and 10, Duke Street, Liverpool.



SUCCESSFUL COSTUMES AT THE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

Miss Phyllis F. Bryant as a Cornish mining girl, and Miss Doris E. Bryant as a Cornish fishwife.

authorities, last summer instituted for consumers of their most famous chocolate one of the most generous competitions known to newspaper readers. Not only were there fourteen liberal cash prizes, ranging from £25 to £2 10s. each, but presents in the shape of boxes of chocolate were promised to all those competitors sending in outside wrappers to the value of five shillings. The new competition started on Jan. 1, 1909, and, generous as have been the former prize-lists offered to the public, it will be found that the new scheme excels all former enterprises of a similar description. The conditions of the previous competitions were, it will be remembered, extremely simple. Upon the outside wrapper of every packet of Cailler's chocolate was marked the full value. All the competitor was asked to do was to save the wrappers, tie them together, write his or her name upon the bundle, and send them to Cailler's Competition Offices, 8 and 10, Duke Street, Liverpool.



A ROYAL BEDROOM ON WHEELS: AN APARTMENT IN THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY'S NEW SALOON FOR THE KING.

The new saloon was built at the Doncaster works of the Great Northern Railway, and is for the use of the King when his Majesty is travelling on the East Coast route. It is 67 feet long over the body, 9 feet wide, and 12 feet 11 inches high from the rail-level to the top of the roof. The saloon is divided into entrance-balcony, smoking-room, day saloon, bed-room or dining-room, dressing-room, and attendants' room.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 26.

MONEY.

THE Argentine demand for gold has come a little earlier than was expected, and the continued absorption of all available supplies by Paris makes many people suspect that the Bank Directors will be obliged to raise the rate. Undoubtedly the key of the position is with our French neighbours, who, as soon as the new Russian loan is out of the way, may perhaps let us obtain a portion of the precious metal as it comes into the open market; but unless the Paris Exchange turns in our favour there can be little question that something will shortly have to be done to replenish our supplies.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

Early next week come the first of the half-year's dividend announcements from the more important Home Railway Companies, but it is somewhat pathetic to observe how the poor old market for the stocks finds itself unable to get up any particular interest in the forthcoming distributions. According to the voices of statistical prophets, it seems likely that several of the companies will have to declare lower rates, a consideration discounted to a great extent in the quotations at the present day. Further than this fear lies the vague uncertainty which shrouds the Budget. It is apparent that Mr. Lloyd-George will have an awkward gulf to bridge, even though the chasm may yawn less widely than some of the party politicians predict. Will the Chancellor of the Exchequer lay profane hands upon anything which affects the Home Railway profits? This is the lurking apprehension, and it serves to divert business from a market that has now fallen to a level at which some of the stocks begin to look reasonably cheap for investment, not for gambling purposes.

INDUSTRIAL ITEMS.

London banking shares are considerably depressed by reason of the dividends just announced. The monetary outlook is obscure, and the country's trade exhibits but delicate indications of improvement. Nevertheless, to sell bank shares would be a pity. 'Twere better far to buy them, *cum* dividend as they are.

* * * * *

Curious to observe, by the way, that the oft-quoted Leeman's Act, requiring the distinctive numbers of the shares to be given when a transaction takes place, is put into operation only upon the rarest occasions.

* * * * *

It is anomalous, rather, that Port of London 3 per cent. "A" stock should stand so low as 86 when Metropolitan Water "B" 3 per cent. stock commands 92, or more. A discrepancy likely to be rectified, we imagine, by the approximation of the price of the Port stock to that of the Water stock rather than vice versa.

* * * * *

Vickers halted at 41s. 9d., came back to 40s. 6d., and rallied to 41s. Just for the present a couple of guineas seems to represent quite as much as the shares intrinsically are worth.

* * * * *

The appointment of a Receiver for the old-established brewing firm of Ind, Coope and Co. prompts a question as to which will be the next firm to go in the same direction. Possibly, however, the Ind, Coope position was exceptionally bad, even amongst over-capitalised brewery undertakings.

ARGENTINE SOUTHERN LAND.

The latest crop reports from the Argentine Republic have been so satisfactory that more attention has been given to Argentine Rails and Land shares, which, at present prices, in most cases, make a very satisfactory return to the investor. Some very remarkable figures were given at the meeting of the *Argentine Southern Land Company* on Dec. 10, and it is not surprising that a considerable demand has sprung up for this Company's shares. The capital is at present £140,000, in £1 shares, but a bonus of one new share, fully paid, for every two old shares is to be distributed immediately, making the issued capital £140,000 £1 shares. Against this, the Company owns 655,940 acres of land, a great part of which has been fenced in, with buildings, etc., and approximately 50,223 head of cattle, 100,000 sheep, and 5000 horses. It is impossible to estimate exactly the value of such a property, because it is constantly increasing, as more land is fenced in, the stock improved, and so on; but it is certain that the value must advance enormously within the next few years, simply because it will be brought for the first time into direct railway communication with Buenos Ayres. The Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway is building an extension to San Antonio, and the Government is building a line westwards from San Antonio, running through the lands of both the Argentine Southern and Rio Negro Companies. What this means to the Argentine Southern Company may be gleaned from the following extract from the Chairman's speech at the recent meeting: "The making of this new railway has come opportunely for us at a time when the future disposal of our stock was causing us some anxiety, for it is now quite clear that we are not far from the day when we shall have 20,000 head of cattle of the best quality to sell every year, and the difference between £3, which we are barely getting now, and £5 or £6, which we should get at the least when we are brought into railway communication with the outer world, will be all net profit to us." The significance of these figures will be apparent to your readers. On the whole, I think it highly probable that the shares, after the increase of capital, may advance to £4, which is equivalent to £6 each for the present shares.

The statements made at the ordinary general meeting of the *Midland Railway Company of Western Australia* fully justified the favourable views I was able to place before your readers in a recent issue. Since June last 94,075 acres have been sold for £72,207, or over 15s. per acre, and there is now outstanding on land actually sold and due by instalments a sum of £260,903. The land agent of the Company

expects to realise rather over £100,000 for a further 176,000 acres not sold at recent auctions. When this has been sold, the Company will have due to it £360,000 for land sold, on which interest is paid in the meanwhile, against the £360,000 outstanding 4 per cent. Bonds owned by the Government. There will then remain 1,900,000 acres of land, of an average value equal to that sold, still belonging to the Company. The railway is earning now £40,000 a year, and as all the land being sold adjoins the railway, the traffics are bound to increase as the land is occupied and developed. The Board hope to be able to bring forward a scheme for the reorganisation of the capital before long, but in the meantime the Debenture-holders have the satisfaction of knowing that their assets are increasing in value month by month.

Q.

THE ADVICE OF A BROKER.

Being always on the spot, a member of the Stock Exchange is popularly supposed by his clients to have exceptional opportunities for making money, and taking advantage of market fluctuations as they occur. It does not strike the outsider that if his agent had such special chances, he, the agent, would quickly cease to trouble about clients: all he need do would be to make what money he wanted, and then clear out. The proportion of members, however, who retire each year because they have made a competence is very small indeed, and if the truth were known, perhaps it would turn out that Stock Exchange members' investments and speculations are not one whit more successful than those of the man in the street. The way in which a man's judgment is swayed by the aspect of the market at a particular moment is a great disadvantage to the insider, and the counsel that the advice of a broker is only of value in matters of investment has been abundantly justified. But, on the other hand, a broker can be an extremely useful man to advise even the wary what stocks and shares should be left alone.

Saturday, Jan. 9, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELMS.—The answer to "Foxhunt" applied to the Company you mention, but not the answer to "Oilman." We can only repeat what we stated before.

POBREZA.—(1) The Tea shares are, we hear, not a bad purchase, but the Board has made such a mess of the business that our faith is not great. (2) We should sell, as we suppose you mean the Railway bonds. (3) Very difficult to speak with confidence. If the stock were our own we should hold.

W. H. AND OASIS.—Thanks for your communications.

E. P. S.—Sell Cargo Fleets and hold the Brewery shares. Probably the worst is over in the way of depression in South Africa, and the Company will very quickly feel any improvement, when it comes, in the general conditions.

WAR.—We have made inquiries, but can get no confirmation of the good business said to have been done. Only insiders are likely to know the truth.

DANKEN.—The shares have been put up a trifle, on market hopes of a reduction in working expenses, but purchase at present price appears to us a dubious speculation.

INVESTOR.—There is no reason to sell the San Paulo New Loan, as it is an excellent security to hold for investment, and will give you 5 per cent., which is hard to obtain.

REFER.—Don't deal with these people. We know they have pleaded the Gambling Act—or, at least, have threatened so to do if pressed for payment—in more than one case.

PETROL.—We will ask "Q" to write a note.

W. H.—Blessed are they who expect little, for they will not be disappointed.

H. C.—We should hold on, but the price of copper is the controlling factor.

BENGAL.—In our opinion, it is not safe, as for two months there have been circumstantial rumours that the people in question were in difficulties.

CHOWRINGHEE.—The firm is unknown to us. Inquiries shall be made and a further answer given.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

We are promised a view of the much-talked-about Irish mare, Rustic Queen, at Windsor. She is entered in the Englefield Hurdle Race, for which she has been handicapped at 12 st. 10lb., which is 17 lb. more than has been awarded to Comique, her nearest attendant. Some of the following may win at Windsor: Eton Hurdle, Caruso; Datchet Chase, Richard the First; Park Chase, B.M.; Mill Hurdle, Blind Hookey; Castle Chase, Exelite; Englefield Hurdle, Clyduff; Club Chase, Bornalira; Maiden Chase, Gruinard. At Hurst Park Church Plate may win the New Year Hurdle; Sweet Cecil the Surbiton Chase; Woolley the Maiden Hurdle; Egerton's Pride the Novices' Chase; Rough Pup the Middlesex Chase; Lady Brenda the Novices' Hurdle; Jerry M. the Open Chase; and Le Viso the January Hurdle.

GENERAL NOTES.

MANY distinguished people were present at the marriage of Mr. Algernon Berkeley Paget and Miss Lily Henniker Heaton. The fact that the bride was the elder daughter of the great postal reformer lent a peculiar interest to the event, and must have been responsible for the presents from many noted folk from over-seas; while among the gift-givers were Chevalier and Mme. Marconi, Sir Robert and Lady Hart, Lord Blyth, and the Agent-General for Victoria. Miss Lily Henniker Heaton was given away by her distinguished father, and her beautiful gown of oyster-coloured satin, embroidered in roses in floss silk and silver, was very effective, while a new charm was lent to the bridal procession by the fact that the bridesmaids, who had mauve-satin gowns, wore, instead of hats, mauve veils wreathed with Parma violets.

The children of the Prince and Princess of Wales are far more in the public eye than were our present Sovereign, his brothers and sisters. They are encouraged to take an active interest in everything that concerns the nation, and even Princess Mary is often present at some national form of sport. The Prince and Princess of Wales are both in their several ways devoted parents, and they personally concern themselves very closely with their sons' education and progress. It is said that Prince Edward is to go through much the same kind of course as did the King—that is, he is to see something of each great University; and as preparation for his future life he will be taken, while still in his teens, several voyages to Greater Britain. It will be interesting to see if the younger children of our future King are sent to any of the great public schools, as were not only the sons of Princess Christian, but also the present Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

Messrs. De La Rue send us a daintily produced little book on "Auction Bridge," by R. F. Foster, author of "Bridge Maxims," "Call-Ace Euchre," "Practical Poker," etc. The book, which is published at 3s. 6d. net, contains the new laws of Auction Bridge, as framed by a joint committee of the Portland and Bath Clubs, followed by a description of the game by the author. He expounds the American, as opposed to the English, tactics of the game, and deals clearly and exhaustively with its main features and varieties. The opinions of such a high authority will have great weight with card-players, and his book will be of great interest to the practised hand, and very valuable to the beginner.

"Whitaker's Almanack" is one of those titles which are "familiar in our mouths as household words," and justly so, for its utility is beyond expression. There are works of reference for the learned, and some for the unlearned, but "Whitaker" appeals to

both classes. It is fairly entitled to take rank as a British institution, and, as the clown says, "here we are again" with the edition for 1909, which has been brought up to date on such subjects as flying-machines, old-age pensions, wireless telegraphy, and many other recent developments.

Whitaker's "Peerage" for 1909 has come out in a gorgeous new attire, but internally (to quote the Preface) "there is no very notable change," except, of course, the alterations due to new honours and the transference of titles, through deaths, to new holders. One useful feature, however, that has been added is an Official Glossary, containing explanatory notes on various public offices and services. It would be difficult to discover any question of fact connected with the British aristocracy to which Whitaker's "Peerage" does not supply the answer.

"The Daily Mail Year-Book," of which the 1909 edition is on sale at the modest price of sixpence, aims at providing those who read the papers and study contemporary affairs with the facts necessary to understand questions of the day. This laudable object the book fulfils very satisfactorily. Many readers of newspapers are constantly held up through the want of just such information as "The Daily Mail Year-Book" supplies.

A SPORTSMAN'S DIARY.

The small waistcoat-pocket diary known as "The Sportsman's Diary," should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal Red leather, has a patent fastener, amongst the most adroit of its kind, the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little nickel-plated pencil is cunningly lodged within the book, while for beauty and neatness it is impossible to believe that it has its equal. The Calendar is episcopal, financial, astronomical. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeple-chase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances, also the colours of the most prominent French owners with the English equivalent. This is to enable Englishmen who go racing in Paris and elsewhere on the Continent to distinguish the horses. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, while it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show greater fairness and liberality in every way to clients, as "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions" are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of Clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name, so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. The book is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, Member of Tattersalls', 25, Conduit St., London, W.

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